THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

SEPTEMBER, 1800.

SKETCH

OF

THE REVEREND JOHN MOORE, D. D.

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, AND PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

IN an established church various orders of clergy exist, which are thought necessary to ecclesiastical government. We shall not enter into a detail of these several degrees of preferment—they are well known to our readers; our province is to delineate characters who have distinguished themselves in public situations. Accordingly, in the church as well as in the army, in the navy, and in civil life, we are always happy in bestowing the palm of approbation on individuals where it is really deserved. Merit attracts attention in whatever department it shines; nor can envy itself fail of perceiving its superior excellence. Our Miscellany has always been proud of bringing forward characters who have been of eminent service to the community. Their virtues are pourtrayed with pleasure, and we shall be happy in handing them down to posterity.

DR. JOHN MOORE, the present Archbishop of Canterbury, was born about the year 1750. His native

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place was Gloucester, and his origin was in the humbler class of life. This has been the case with many characters of distinction. Were we to trace the rise and progress of individuals, both in church and state, we might point out many who, emerging from obscurity, have drawn upon them the notice and admiration of mankind.

Having been educated at the free school at Gloucester, he removed to Pembroke College, Oxford. Here he distinguished himself by application and serious study. Avoiding the immoralities and eccentricities of a college life, he devoted himself to the acquisition of literature with a steady and unremitting attention. We recommend such a conduct to all students; time is too valuable and opportunities too rare to be despised. Neglect of an early improvement lays a foundation of deep regret, and consigns the unhappy individuals to obscurity. Becoming tutor to the Duke of Marlborough, he patronised him in a very great degree. A domestic circumstance, of too delicate a nature for us to detail, facilitated his promotion. He was first made prebend of Durham in 1769, then dean of Canterbury, and in 1775 bishop of Bangor.

In 1783 Dr. Moore was elevated to the see of Canterbury. It is said that the preferment was offered to *Lowth* and *Hurd*, who, for peculiar reasons, rejected it, and that they recommended Dr. Moore as a person fit for that station. Be this as it may, he has proved himself not unworthy of the archiepiscopal office by his charity and moderation.

From politics, and indeed from every measure calculated to inflame the minds of the people, he has wisely kept aloof, and thus secured the respect of all parties. He has also been forward to patronise the young clergy of merit; this is a trait entitled to our warmest commendation.

Dr. Moore has been kind to his relations, which

shows that his elevation has not placed him beyond the most amiable feelings of humanity.

The Archbishop has produced two sermons, the one preached the 30th of January, 1777, before the lords, and the other preached on the fast-day in 1781. Both these productions are characteristic of good sense and moderation.

Nor must we close without mentioning the calmness and dignity with which Dr. Moore has moved in this exalted station. Averse to violence of every kind, he has hitherto been the distinguished patron of lenity. Indeed it has been the wisdom of our governors to raise such kind of men to the primacy ever since the days of Laud, who, by acts of intolerance, brought both himself and his master to the block. We wish not for the repetition of such barbarous scenes; we rejoice, therefore, in the promotion of peace and happiness, by whatever means they may be secured. The great object of Christianity is to diffuse amongst men love and harmony—be this the end of all our actions! Such a conduct will render us truly useful on earth, and form the best preparation for the happiness of eternity. The excellent Gilbert West, Esq. a steady churchman, writing to Dr. Doddridge, has these remarkable expressions—"The appellation of *peacemaker* is infinitely more honourable than that of pastor, bishop, archbishop, patriarch, cardinal, or pope, and attended with a recompence infinitely surpassing the richest revenues of the highest ecclesiastical dignity!"

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLIII.]

HOPE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

Hope! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,
Whom now despairing agonies destroy,
Speak, for he can, and none so well as he,
What treasures centre, what delights, in thee.
Had he the gems, the spices, and the land
That boasts the treasure, all at his command;
The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,
Were light when weigh'd against one smile of thine?

THE delightful subject of HOPE is here discussed with an appropriate energy. This passion, common to every breast, forms the source of the most pleasureable sensations by which the human bosom can be agitated. Our poets in general have touched upon it; but it remained for Mr. Cowper to describe at length, both its nature and its tendency. In such a topic every reader must feel interested, and various passages in the poem before us have afforded us a high degree of satisfaction. The genius of our author possessed a grasp almost equal to any theme; the originality of his talents precluded common place expressions, and throughout the whole of his writings we are entertained and gratified with the beauties of genuine poetry.

In delineating the passion of HOPE, the poet in the first place naturally expatiates on the vanity to which sublunary affairs are destined.

Mr. COWPER then, for several pages, describes the different sentiments of mankind respecting HOPE, intermixed with fine strokes of satire, which, could they conciliate proper attention, must prove of sovereign efficacy. Such censures never flow from the pen of

COWPER, but on suitable subjects, and therefore with a just severity.

The poet, with a direct allusion to revelation, draws the portrait of man, blest with the *hope of immortality!* Accordingly *here* we expect some glowing lines, nor shall we be disappointed. Let it stand as a specimen of the whole:

As when a felon, whom his country's laws
Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,
Expects, in darkness and heart-chilling fears,
The shameful close of all his mispent years;
If chance, on heavy pinions slowly born,
A tempest usher in the dreaded morn,
Upon his dungeon walls the lightning play,
The thunder seems to summon him away,
The warder at the door his key applies,
Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies:
If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,
When hope, long ling'ring, at last yields the ghost,
The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,
He drops at once his fetters and his fear;
A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,
And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.
Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs
The comfort of a few poor added days,
Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul
Of him, whom hope has with a touch made whole.
'Tis heaven, all heav'n, descending on the wings
Of the glad legions of the king of kings;
'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,
'Tis God himself triumphant in his heart!
Oh, welcome now the sun's once hated light,
His noon-day beams were never half so bright.
Not kindred minds alone are call'd t'employ
Their hours, their days, in list'ning to his joy;
Unconscious nature, all that he surveys,
Rocks, groves, and streams, must join him in his praise!
These are thy glorious works, eternal truth,
The scoff of wither'd age and beardless youth;

These move the censure and illib'ral grin
Of fools that hate thee and delight in sin:
But these shall last when night has quench'd the pole,
And heav'n is all departed as a scroll:
And when, as justice has long since decreed,
This earth shall blaze, and a new world succeed,
Then these thy glorious works, and they who share
That hope which can alone exclude despair,
Shall live exempt from weakness and decay,
The brightest wonders of an endless day!

To point out the beauty of this portrait would be superfluous; indeed it would be an insult to the understanding and taste of our readers, to suppose for a moment that such superior poetry should not ensure their approbation. It cannot fail to impart a refined degree of gratification to their sensibility.

It is to be lamented that so many characters in the present day should oppose a *revelation*, to which we owe our best *hopes* and noblest expectations; for such a conduct many reasons may be assigned. Vanity, conceit, and above all, a love of vicious practices, conspire to produce this opposition. Let us, however, apprised of the inestimable value of our religion, cleave firmly to its doctrines and institutions. It is the parent of a *hope* which will be succeeded by perpetual fruition. All other expectations are liable to disappointment. Private, social, and public felicity, stand on precarious foundations. Various accidents may interrupt our peace and harmony here on earth, and these temporal blessings are sure to terminate in our dissolution. But it is the peculiar and glorious property of the *Christian hope*, that it expires only amid the full radiance of eternal day!

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XLV.]

LUMINOUS PREACHING.

THE stile in which public addresses were drawn up during the unhappy civil contentions in this country, and for some time afterwards, it is well known was extremely quaint and unedifying; the following anecdote may serve as a specimen. One of the protector's chaplains, who were not amongst the least eminent preachers of their day, was particularly admired by a good man of those times—he often mentioned the excellencies of his favourite minister to a sensible friend, and promised him great pleasure and information if he would hear him; his friend readily consented, and on an early day took his seat in the church where this admired orator held forth. The subject which the preacher handled at that time was the divine anger, which he thus defined; "*The dark side of the Creator set against the dark side of the creature, to increase his darkness.* The illustration proved to be as *clear* as the definition, and full of delight, the admirer of the orator asked his friend what he thought of the discourse—the reply was laconic and decisive; *I think it was the dark side of the preacher set against the dark side of the hearer, to increase his darkness!*

BULLS.

SAYS Terence to Teague, it's hot weather to fight.
Why that's true, says Teague, as you say,
And I think they'd much better go to it at night,
Because that's the cool of the day!

To fight in cold blood though, says Terence, it's bad,
And be kill'd too, it's what I abhor,
So I wish we'd a peace, cause I think if we had,
It would soon put an end to the war!

THE LEARNED INSENSIBLE.

WHILE the learned Francis Morell was busy in preparing his edition of Libanius for the press, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have but two or three periods," said Morell, "to translate, and then I'll come to her." Presently after he was informed she was dying. "I have only two words to write, I'll be with her immediately." Presently they brought him word she was dead. With great calmness the pedant declared, "he was very sorry, for she was really a mighty good woman."

EPITAPH

On Miss Mary Ann Clare, who died July 3, 1788, *aged four years and six months*; *Margate Churchyard.*

WITH lively gale, and flowing sail,
Kidd * brought her to the pier;
Though safe in port, her time was short,
T' enjoy the pleasures there.

Sayer †, 'tis true, restor'd her to
Her former health and charms,
When Christ did say, from hence away,
And clasp'd her in his arms.

OATHS.

IT is vulgarly said, that nine *taylors* make a *man*. This, however, is not perhaps more absurd than one of the laws of our European ancestors, respecting the credibility of witnesses.—Hume informs us that "a man whose life was estimated at 120 shillings, counterbalanced six *ceorles* (or husbandmen), each of whose lives was only valued at twenty shillings, and his oath was deemed *equivalent* to *all the six!*"

* The captain of one of the Margate yachts, who conveyed the above young lady from London.

† The proprietor of a bathing-room and machines.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF MUSIC.

SULTAN Amurath, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Amongst these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, and permit him to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him, and, being brought before the sultan, he was suffered to give a specimen of his art. He took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds of the instrument, together with the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, melted even Amurath; he suffered him to proceed, till overpowered with harmony, tears of pity gushed forth, and he revoked his cruel orders. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only ordered those of the prisoners who remained alive to be spared, but gave them their liberty. This anecdote is related by Prince Cantimir, in his account of the transactions of the Ottomans.

MILITARY FINESSE.

To a farmer in Dorset a poor woman went
To purchase a bushel of corn;
Herself and her children, with hunger quite spent,
Look'd destitute, poor, and forlorn.

Now seventeen shillings were all that she had,
And she offer'd the whole for the wheat,
Eighteen was the price, and the farmer he said,
That a penny he never would bate.

The woman wept sore, when a soldier came by,
Who learning the cause of her grief,
Bade her be of good cheer and leave piping her eye,
For he would afford her relief.

Pray give him the whole of your money, he said,
And I if the farmer be willing,
Before your poor infants shall go without bread,
Will give him a bright George's shilling.

The farmer agreed and accepted the same;
But now, quoth the soldier, observe!
The shilling I gave you was in the king's name,
So you must his Majesty serve!

Thus the farmer he trick'd, to the joy of his heart,
And render'd the poor woman blest,
For, causing the clod-pole to pay down the smart,
He took up a shilling, said this is my part,
Here, mistress, do you take the rest.

POPESHIP.

King James I. came to the house of Sir T. Pope, in Oxfordshire. His lady being lately delivered of a daughter, the babe was presented to the king, with the following verses in her hand:

See! this little mistress here!
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Neither a triple crown did wear;
And yet, she is a *Pope*.

No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sin for gold;
She hardly is a se'nnight old;
And yet, she is a *Pope*.

No king her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse looks than this:
Nor did she ever hope,
To saint one with a rope;
And yet, she is a *Pope!*

"*A female Pope!*—you'll say—"*A second* JOAN!"
No, sure—She is Pope INNOCENT, or none.

TO AN INFANT.

On parent's knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd.
So live that sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm may'st thou smile, while all around thee weep!

ANECDOTE ON THE NEW KING OF HUNGARY.

From the death of his uncle Joseph, till the arrival of his father at Vienna, he was considered as regent. An Austrian gentleman requested his good offices with his father to obtain the rank of Count. "My father," replied Francis, "I assure you, will make no *Counts*; if you can point out to him the means of making *peasants*, I will answer for his gratitude."

SEASONABLE QUESTION.

To cheat the world, two base contractors come,
One deals in corn, the other deals in rum;
Which is the greater rogue, dear Fox, explain,
The rogue *in spirit*, or the rogue *in grain*.

OF MAN.

[From the Studies of Nature, by St. Pierre.]

I SHALL speak of man. Every work of nature has presented to us, hitherto, only partial relations; man will furnish such as are universal. Examining those in which he stands to the elements, we shall observe, that his eyes are turned, not towards heaven, but to the horizon; so that he may view, at once, the heaven which illuminates, and the earth which supports him. His visual rays take in near half of the celestial hemisphere, and of the plane on which he treads, and their reach extends from the grain of sand, which he tramples under foot, to the star which shines over his head, at an immeasurable distance.

He alone, of animals, can enjoy equally day and night; can bear to live within the torrid, and upon the ices of the frigid zone. If certain animals partake with him these advantages, it is only by means of his instructions, and under his protection. For all this he is in-

debted to the element of fire, of which he alone is the sovereign lord. Some authors pretend, that certain of the brute creation understand the management of it, and that the monkeys in America keep up the fires kindled by travellers in the forests. No one denies that they love its heat, and resort to it for warmth, when man retires. But as they have perceived its utility, why have they not preserved the use of it? However simple the manner of keeping up fire may be, by supplying it with fuel, not one of them will ever attain to that degree of sagacity.

The dog, much more intelligent than the monkey, a witness every hour of the effects of fire; accustomed in our kitchens to live only on meat that is dressed, if you give him raw flesh, will never dream of roasting it on the coals. This barrier, which separates man from the brute, weak as it may appear, is insurmountable to animals. And this is one of the great blessings of providence, bestowed for the general security; for how many unforeseen and irreparable conflagrations would take place, were fire at their disposal? God has intrusted the first agent in nature, to that being alone whom reason has qualified to make a right use of it.

While some historians bestow this faculty on the brutes, others deny it to man. They alledge that many nations were destitute of it, till the arrival of Europeans among them. To prove this, they quote the inhabitants of the Marianne Islands, otherwise called the Isle of Thieves, by a calumnious imputation so common among sailors. But this assertion is grounded on bare supposition: namely, on the very natural astonishment expressed by these islanders, on seeing their villages set on fire by the Spaniards *, whom they had received with kindness. They contradict themselves, by relating, that these very

* See the history of their discoveries, by Magellan; the History of the Marianne Isles, by Father Gobien, vol. ii. page 44; and that of the West Indies, by Herrera, vol. iii. pages 10 and 712.

people used canoes, daubed over with bitumen, which necessarily supposes, in the case of savages unacquainted with iron, that fire had been employed in hollowing of their canoes, or, at least, in careening them. Finally, we are told, that they fed on rice, the preparation of which, however simple, requires, of necessity, the application of fire.

This element is universally necessary to human existence, even in the hottest climates. By means of fire alone, man guards his habitation, by night, from ravenous beasts of prey; drives away the insects which thirst for his blood; clears the ground of the trees and plants which cover it; in a word, in every country, with fire he prepares his food, dissolves metals, vitrifies rocks, hardens clay, softens iron, and gives, to all the productions of the earth, the forms and combinations, which his necessities require.

The benefits which he derives from the air are no less extensive. Few animals are, like him, capable of respiring, with equal ease, at the level of the sea, and on the summit of the loftiest mountains. Man is the only being who gives it all the modulations of which it is susceptible. With his voice alone, he imitates the hissing, the cries, the singing of all animals; while he enjoys the gift of speech, denied to every other. Sometimes he communicates sensibility to the air; he makes it sigh in the pipe, complain in the flute, threaten in the trumpet, and to animate to the tone of his passions the brass, the box-tree, and the reed. Sometimes he makes it his slave; forces it to grind, bruise, and move, to his advantage, an endless variety of machinery. In a word, he yokes it to his car, and constrains it to waft him even over the billows of the ocean.

That element, in which few of the inhabitants of earth are able to live, presents to man alone the easiest of communications. He swims, he dives in it, he pursues the sea-monster to the abysses of the deep: he hunts and stabs the whale even under mountains of ice: alights

on every island in the bosom of the sea, and asserts his empire over it.

Whatever irregularity may appear on the surface of the earth, man is the only being formed with the capacity of pervading all its parts. There is established, among all his limbs an equilibrium so perfect, so difficult to be preserved, so contrary to the laws of our mechanism, that there is no sculptor capable of forming a statue resembling man, broader and heavier above than below, which shall be able to maintain an erect position, and remain immoveable, on a basis so small as his feet. It would be quickly overset by the slightest breath of wind. How much more, then, would be requisite to make it walk like him? There is no animal whose body is susceptible of so many different movements; who unites in himself all the possible varieties of animal motion; who is equally adapted to clamber to the summit of the rock, to walk on the surface of the snow; to traverse the river and the forest, to pick the moss of the fountain, and the fruit of the palm-tree; to feed the bee and to tame the elephant.

In man nature has collected every thing that is lovely in colour and in form, whether from harmony or contrast. To these she has added movements the most majestic and the most graceful. Indeed, so wonderful are these combinations, that all animals, in their natural state, are struck at sight of him, with terror or with love; and as he is the only being who has the disposal of fire, the principle of life, so he alone practises agriculture, which is its support. The ox never thinks of resowing the grain which he treads out on the barn-floor, nor the monkey, the maize of the field which he plunders. Man alone raises his intelligence up to that of nature. He not only pursues her plans, but recedes from them. He covers regions destined for forests, with corn and wine. He says to the pine of Virginia, and to the chesnut of India, "You shall grow in Europe." Nature seconds

his efforts, and seems, by her complaisance, to invite him to prescribe laws to her.

For man nature has covered the earth with plants, and though their species be infinite, not a single one but may be converted to his use. She has selected some out of every class, to minister to his pleasure or support, wherever he pleases to fix his habitation. She permits the plants most useful to him to grow in all climates; but the domestic ones, from the cabbage up to the corn, alone, like man himself, are citizens of the world. The others serve for his bed, for his roof, for his clothing, for medicine, at least for fuel.

The animals are wonderfully formed, at once to live in situations the most rugged, and, animated by an instinct the most tractable, to associate with man. Every region is supporting a race of servants for him; but those animals, in which are united the greatest number of utilities, live with him over the whole face of the earth. Delighting to pasture, each according to its nature, there is no corner of the earth where the whole vegetable crop may not be reaped; and in the evening all return to the habitation of man, with murmurs, with bleatings, with cries of joy, bringing back to him the delicious tribute of innumerable plants, transformed, by a process the most inconceivable, into honey, milk, butter, eggs, and cream.

While some philosophers assign to every species of dog a common origin, others ascribe a difference of origin to man. Their system is founded on the variety of size and colour in the human species; but neither colour, nor stature, are distinctive characters, in the judgment of all naturalists. According to them, colour is merely accidental; superior stature only a greater expansion of forms. Difference of species arises from the difference of proportions; now this characterizes that of dogs. The proportions of the human body no where vary; the black colour, within the tropics, is simply the effect of the heat of the sun, which tinges man in pro-

portion as he approaches the line; and it is one of the blessings of nature. His size is invariably the same in every age, and in all places, notwithstanding the influence of food and climate, by which other animals are so powerfully affected; but from the tallest to the shortest of the human race, there is not, at most, the difference of a foot. Their stature is the same, at this day, as in the time of the Egyptians; at Archangel as in Africa, as is evident from the length of mummies, and that of the tombs of the ancient Indians, found in Siberia, along the banks of the river Petzora.

The somewhat contracted stature of the Laplanders is to be imputed, I presume, to their sedentary mode of living; for I have observed, among ourselves, a similar contraction of size in persons of occupations requiring little exercise. That of the Patagonians, on the contrary, is more expanded than that of the Laplanders, though they inhabit a latitude as cold, from their greater disposition to be moving about. The Laplander passes the greater part of the year shut up amidst his herds of rein-deer; whereas the Patagonian is perpetually a stroller, for he lives entirely by hunting and fishing. Besides, the first travellers to whom we are indebted for our knowledge of these two nations, have greatly exaggerated the smallness of the one, and the magnitude of the other. Man, over the whole globe, is at the centre of all magnitudes, of all movements, and of all harmonies. His stature, his limbs, his organs, have proportions so adjusted to all the works of nature, that she has rendered them invariable as their combination. He constitutes, himself alone, a genus which has neither class nor species, dignified, by way of excellence, with the title of mankind. In every age, man has been the friend of man, not merely from the interests of commerce, but by the more sacred, the more indissoluble bands of humanity. We are all bondsmen for each other. The happiness of every individual is attached to the happiness of mankind. He is under obligation to exert himself for

the general good, because his own depends upon it. Instinct discovers to the animal its necessities only; but man alone, has raised himself from the dark womb of profound ignorance, to the knowledge and belief of God: and on this knowledge are founded all the associations of the human race, without a single exception.

As man has formed his intellect on that of nature, he has been obliged to regulate his moral sense by that of her author. He felt that, in order to please him who is the principle of all good, it was necessary to contribute to the general good; hence the efforts made by man, in every age, to raise himself to God, by the practice of virtue. Thither he directs, without perceiving it, his hopes, his fears, his pleasures, his pains, his loves; and passes his life in pursuing, or in combating, these fugitive impressions of Deity.

ON INDOLENCE.

ADDRESSED TO THE RISING GENERATION.

MAN appears to be the only being in creation whose exertions exceed his necessities; who is urged to action by other calls than the imperious commands of natural appetites and desires. To other animals a state of rest is a state of choice; to him, of uneasiness; and he is frequently roused to action, not so much from the impulses of passion, as from a wish to avoid the tediousness and languor of inactivity. Hence we observe that no man is so determinately idle as to forego all employment; and those whom indolence discourages from useful and noble pursuits, yet seek some more trifling and frivolous avocations to cheat the wearisome hours of idleness. No man complains so frequently of the tediousness of time, as he whom neither necessity or choice stimulates to exertion, and no one is more frequently fatigued than he who does no-

thing. How many thousands are there who wake in the morning only to wish the arrival of night, when they may again sleep; who saunter about, because to sit is insupportable; who take up a book, because they cannot think, and throw it down because it is unamusing; who fly to companions in whose society there is no pleasure, because they dread solitude; and who plunge into vice and dissipation, because the tedious uniformity of inactive virtue is disgusting! How many are there, whose mornings are passed in anxious solicitude for the evening, because they can only be pleased by forgetting themselves in the roar of inebriety and the frantic laugh of riot! The evening, indeed, is the holiday of the idler of both sexes: the lady may enjoy a cessation of *ennui* in the scandal and tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and the dresses and company of the theatre; and any man may drink, though he dares not reflect, may jest, though he cannot study, and lose in the Lethe of Bacchus, the remembrance of the morrow, and the consciousness of his worthlessness.

To those accustomed to a habit of indolence, the idea of exertion is connected with the idea of pain: to a mind enervated by the indulgence of idle amusements, danger appears to attend on every motion, and difficulty on every enterprise. That which is beheld by a soul in the vigour of activity, as yielding with facility to the energy of determined resolution, will, to the sickly eye of indolence, be magnified into impracticability. Such a mind is not aware, that to the exertions of fortitude and assiduity, few objects oppose a formidable barrier; and that he who has a fixed and determinate point in view, and who strives with industry and unrelaxing perseverance to reach it, will seldom be disappointed of success. Nor is this exertion so great or so laborious as may be supposed. As a body in motion is carried forward after the impulse has ceased, by the acquired force, so does every advance, after the first, become

progressively more easy, and require less additional force; while, on the contrary, the pleasures resulting are in a progressional increase; for the consciousness of laudable pursuits increases with the increase of progress; and every step introduces us to new advantages, and of course, to new encouragements to proceed; as a man ascending a hill, is induced by the widening extent of prospect at every advance, to advance still further, and repeat his labour that he may repeat his gratification.

Would they, who by the invidious gifts of fortune, and the syren blandishments of idleness, are condemned to all the satiety of luxury and ease; who, fatigued by the vacuity of their own minds, seek for amusement in frivolous occupations and trifling or dissipated society, and who fly from insipidity and disgust, to riot, debauchery, and vice; would they advance one step in a different road, and taste the delights of industry and active virtue, they would discover that the man who is laudably employed, is scarcely subject to uneasiness or pain; that he who is busied in the cause of genius, of virtue, or of truth, may scorn the evils that depress the depraved or inactive, and armed in conscious merit may defy the power of accidents to injure, or dangers to terrify him: his days are days of peace and cheerfulness, his nights tranquil and composed; his life is happy, and his death lamented.

Among the number who complain of the tediousness of time and the weariness of lassitude, it may not be unreasonable to expect that some may be willing to listen to methods that shall quicken the one and relieve the other. Let such, if any such there are, reflect that he whose faculties are assiduously employed is too busy to think of the flight of moments, and watch with anxious impatience the finger of the clock: that he who can review, with conscious triumph, useful acquisitions and advantages, the produce of his own exertions, cannot feel the fatigue of indolence, and will not regret the fa-

tigue of labour. Let them reflect that every idle man wishes to be busy, and that no busy man wishes to be idle; for it is a fact, almost without an exception, that no man accustomed to habits of employment regrets his assiduity, or would be content to sink into a trifler and a cypher. Let them reflect that a life of idleness is a life of insignificance and contempt; that every one scorns the man who degrades himself by indolence and inactivity; that he is useless to his friends, despised by his enemies, and forgotten by the world. On the contrary, a man bending his faculties to the service of virtue and public utility; a man, who improves the manners or contributes to the felicity of mankind, is an object of reverence and esteem to all within the sphere of his activity; the world respects and admires him; he is, through all his connections, honoured and beloved. Let then him whose hours linger in the insipid tediousness of lassitude, who is weary of the fatigue of doing nothing, and ashamed of insignificance; let him stimulate his faculties to activity and energy, and apply with determined vigour and perseverance to some useful and laudable pursuits: let him strive, if he have abilities and acquisitions for the task, to benefit and mend mankind; or at least let him benefit and mend himself, and diffuse pleasure around him, in a circle proportioned to his power, by benevolence: then let him exult in the praise of his own heart, and the consciousness of his own worth: let him triumph in the esteem of his fellow-beings, and the approbation of his God. A man thus formed to act and to think, to spend his life in the advancement of science, the improvement of mankind, and the communication of happiness, whose time is employed in the unceasing use of his faculties, and the energy of virtue, is the boast of the world, the delight of the Almighty, and the perfection of human nature!

T.

AN

EXPLANATORY LIST

OF THE

SEVERAL CLASSES IN BOTANY.

[Extracted from Dr. Mavor's Botanical Pocket Book.]

CLASS I.

MONANDRIA—*One Stamen.*

PLANTS belonging to this class are simple in their structure, and few in number; yet from the minuteness of their parts, are by no means easy of investigation. Few of them, however, are remarkable for their beauty; though several species are of considerable value and utility. Of British plants belonging to this class there are three orders and six genera.

CLASS II.

DIANDRIA—*Two Stamens.*

This class contains that beautiful family of plants falling under the genera Orchis, Ophrys, Serapias, Satyrium, and Cypripedium, which present a delightful field for the researches of the young botanist. The ash, the willow, and the sweet-scented vernal grass also belong to it. There are two orders, and eighteen genera.

CLASS III.

TRIANDRIA.—*Three Stamens.*

The verdant carpet which covers the earth, is principally composed of plants belonging to this class. It comprehends the greatest part of the grasses, and some congenerous vegetables, which are well known to be of indispensable necessity to the support of men and ani-

mals; and, though the least striking, are by far the most valuable of all the productions of nature. In this class too we find the crocus and the iris, flowers of superlative beauty.—There are four orders, and forty-five genera.

CLASS. IV.

TETRANDRIA.—*Four Stamens.*

In the class Tetrandria, the stamens are all of equal length, by which it is distinguished from didynamious plants, where two of the stamens are long and two short. This class contains four orders, and twenty-eight genera; which, though far less valuable and interesting than the preceding, are by no means useless or uninviting. Several of them are medicinal, as well as necessary in the arts.

CLASS V.

PENTANDRIA.—*Five Stamens.*

In the class Pentandria, we find nature sporting in her utmost luxuriance, and in the greatest variety of aspects. The qualities of vegetables, too, which belong to this class, are not less dissimilar than their forms. Some choice esculents and some deadly poisons are among its multifarious productions; some are eminent for beauty, and others for utility. It includes several natural orders, but in a general view. Pentandrious plants may be divided into rough leaved, which are commonly esculent, or at least harmless; such as produce berries, and are generally poisonous; and such as have their flowers disposed in umbels or rundles, partly aromatic and medicinal, partly acrid and sometimes poisonous.

There are six orders, and ninety seven genera.

CLASS VI.

HEXANDRIA.—*Six Stamens.*

The delicate snow-drop, with "ice still lingering in its veins;" the gaudy tulip, the queen of the garden; the hyacinth, the narcissus, the lily of the valley, and several other flowers of eminent beauty, are ranged under the sixth class. But it is not confined to the beautiful alone; we find in it that delicate esculent asparagus, and several plants of medical virtue, while others are used as condiments in the culinary art. Of British hexandrious vegetables there are four orders and twenty-five genera.

CLASS VII.

HEPTANDRIA.—*Seven Stamens.*

Vegetable nature seems to disdain this class; for the whole number of plants that range under it are few, and none of them are very remarkable in the scale of beauty or utility. In some classes she acts with a dignified œconomy, and compensates for the paucity by the value; but it is far otherwise with regard to the class Heptandria, at least as far as indigenous plants are concerned.

There is only one order, consisting of a single genus.

CLASS VIII.

OCTANDRIA.—*Eight Stamens.*

Though far from being very extensive, the class Octandria is extremely interesting. It includes the majestic oak, the graceful poplar, and the thick spreading hazel. That it is prolific in beauties will not be denied, when we mention that it contains the elegant family of heaths, the willow-herb, mezereon, and spurge laurel.

There are four orders and fifteen genera.

CLASS IX.

ENNEANDRIA.—*Nine Stamens.*

The class Enneandria is extremely limited, and presents no British plants of any particular use to man; yet the elegance of the flowering-rush, one of the most beautiful of aquatics, would serve to redeem it from neglect, did it not contain exotics of singular beauty and value. It is enough to name the laurel family, and the rhubarbs, to confirm the justice of our observation.

There are two orders and three genera.

CLASS X.

DECANDRIA.—*Ten Stamens.*

The florist, the œconomist, and the physician, will all be partially gratified by the class Decandria. It contains some vegetables of no small beauty, as the sweet-william, the arbutus, the wintergreen, and the saxifrage. In times of scarcity the spotling poppy has been used as an aliment; and soapwort and some others have been found efficacious in medicine.

The indigenous plants are of four orders, containing twenty-one genera.

CLASS XI.

DODECANDRIA.—*Twelve Stamens.*

Though the name would import that plants in this class have only twelve stamens, it may not be improper to apprise the young botanist, that it collectively includes all vegetables whose parts of fructification contain from eleven to nineteen stamens.

In our slight review of dodecandrious plants we can only particularize their general characters. The beech and the hornbeam are the most valuable productions of this class, and next to them we may safely rank woad and agrimony. The former furnishes a well known

dye, and the latter, when gathered in flower and dried, exclusive of other medical properties, form the basis of the common British teas. Indeed the infusion of agrimony in point of flavour is not inferior to that of any plant, foreign or domestic, and there is reason to suppose it is as salubrious as it is agreeable. The spurges are extremely acrid and vesicatory, and the asarabacca is a principal ingredient in cephalic snuffs.

There are four orders and nine species.

CLASS XII.

ICOSANDRIA.—*Twenty Stamens.*

To this valuable class belong the parent stocks of most of our indigenous fruits, which, though varied by culture, still preserve the general characteristics of their origin. Indeed it seems one of the most innoxious of all the classes; scarcely containing any thing of a poisonous nature. But it not only deserves to be held in estimation for its utility, but also for the superlative beauty of one genus at least—rosa, of which human industry has produced so many lovely varieties.

It should be remarked, that though the stamens in icosandrious plants are always more than nineteen, they are not restricted to the precise number of twenty, and that they always stand on the petals or upon the calix.

There are five orders and fourteen genera.

CLASS XIII.

POLYANDRIA.—*Many Stamens.*

In the class Polyandria, the stamens, which amount to twenty at least, always stand on the receptacle, which is sufficient to distinguish them from icosandrious plants.

Vegetables belonging to this class are generally deleterious, though some of them are of the most essential service in medicine, particularly the poppy, which fur-

nishes one of the most valuable drugs in the pharmacopœia. The anemone, the larkspur, and the ranunculus, when reclaimed, are the ornaments of our gardens; the nymphæa or water lily is the most splendid of all aquatics. The lime-tree is valuable in various respects, and its fragrant blossom is the delight of bees.

There are six orders and twenty-one genera.

CLASS XIV.

DIDYNAMIA.—*Two Stamens long and two short.*

In this class there are four stamens, divided into two pairs of unequal length, which are covered by an irregularly shaped blossom, either whirled, lipped, masked or ringent. There is only one pistil, consequently the orders, which in the preceding classes have been taken from the number of the female parts of fructification, in this, must of necessity be determined by a different character. Accordingly, Linnæus distinguishes the orders by the seeds being either naked or covered. Plants belonging to the first order, or such as have naked seeds, are generally odoriferous, and resolvent, and some of them are deleterious. Among them we find marum, mint, ground-ivy, organum, thyme, horehound and baum.

In the second order, which is less extensive and valuable, stands the digitalis, or fox-glove, one of the most elegant of native plants, and the most powerfully poisonous, though it has been successfully used in dropsy and consumption. Great caution, however, is necessary in its exhibition.

Of both orders, there are thirty-four genera.

CLASS XV.

TETRADYNAMIA.—*Four Stamens long and two short.*

Tetradynamious plants have six stamens, of which two are shorter than the rest; but the most obvious

distinction is, that the flowers are invariably composed of four petals.

In this class, which is wholly innoxious, we find the beautiful jilly-flower and candy-tuft; and several of our most valuable oleraceous plants, and roots.

The two orders of which it consists is taken from the figure of the seed-vessel. In the first it is a short pouch, in the second a long pod.

There are twenty-three genera.

CLASS XVI.

MONODELPHIA.—*One Brotherhood.*

Monodelphious plants have all the filaments united together at the base, but separate at the top. The petals on the other hand, which are only a prolongation of the cylindrical sheath, formed by the united filaments, are distinct at the bottom, though they cohere, and as they ascend, expand themselves.

The order in this class, which are three in number, are taken from the number of stamens, which we have seen generally constitute the character of the class itself.

The genera amount only to seven, but almost all of them are distinguished for some estimable quality. The beauty and variety of the geraniums entitle them to rank high in the esteem of florists; the mallow is not unknown as an useful emollient; and the yew, and the fir, independent of the value of the latter, relieve the brumal landscape by their perennial green.

CLASS XVII.

DIADELPHIA.—*Two Brotherhoods.*

Except the class Triandria, none is of such importance, as furnishing food to men and animals, as this. It includes the leguminous plants, and is distinguished at first sight by its papillionaceous flowers. The pea, the

vetch, the trefoil, the wild liquorice, the broom, and the furze are among its varied productions. Not one of them is noxious, and most of them are esculent by the different tribes of animated nature. The character of the orders is derived from the number of stamens, which are generally divided into two sets.

There are three orders and nineteen genera.

CLASS XVIII.

POLYADELPHIA.—*Many Brotherhoods.*

Of indigenous plants we have only a single genus belonging to this class. It comprehends such vegetables as have their stamens united by means of the filaments into three or more sets, or brotherhoods, among which are oranges and other valuable exotics. The orders are taken from the number of stamens.

CLASS XIX.

SYNGENESIA.—*Congeneration.*

This extensive class comprehends all the compound flowers, or such as have their anthers united, so as to form a cylinder, with a single seed placed on the receptacle under each floret.

Syngenesious plants are generally bitter, and possessed of various specific virtues. Scarcely any of them are reputed deleterious.

Dandelion, thistles, coltsfoot, lettuce, endive, and a great variety of other common vegetables belong to this class. From the structure of the pappus or down appended to their seeds, they are disseminated by the wind to considerable distances.

The orders are taken from the formation of the florets. Of British plants there are four orders and forty genera *.

* For the *orders* and *genera* of these several CLASSES, we refer the reader to the excellent little work itself. Ed.

A

TOUR INTO SEVERAL PARTS

OF

ENGLAND AND WALES,

DURING THE MONTHS OF JUNE AND JULY, 1800.

In Four Letters to a Pupil.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington.

Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus ad tumulum.——

VIRGIL.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

THE entertainment which you were pleased to say you received from the perusal of my *Excursion into the West of England* last summer *, has induced me to send you the following narrative, which it is sincerely hoped may afford a similar gratification. It has always been my aim, in the direction of your studies, to blend together amusement and instruction, thus rendering the ordinary incidents of life subservient to intellectual and moral improvement. In passing over ground which has been so often trodden, no originality of remark can be expected; my province is that of the *humble gleaner*, and it will be the source of great satisfaction to find, that the few particulars here brought together, prove not wholly uninteresting to the rising generation!

* See the numbers of our Miscellany for September, October, November, and December, 1799.

I left LONDON on the 20th of June, in the Northampton stage, which took me up at *Islington*. Having ascended *Highgate-hill*, we seemed to breathe a more attenuated atmosphere, and began to view with pleasure the beauties of the surrounding country. From the brow of the hill we are presented with a view of the metropolis, extending from Chelsea to Limehouse! The numerous steeples give to the city a beautiful appearance, while St. Paul's cathedral and Westminster abbey, rearing their awful heads, confer a peculiar grandeur and solemnity!

HIGHGATE is a pleasant village, and the resort of many genteel families during the summer season.

We soon rolled along over *Finchley Common*, once noted for the depredations of highwaymen, whose bodies suspended on the ignominious gibbet used here to meet the eye of the traveller in terrible succession! It is now pretty well cleared of these unhappy wretches, who infest and disgrace civilized society.

CHIPPING BARNET is a small town of no distinction; it has indeed a rough pillar standing in the middle of the road, which commemorates a most bloody battle fought on that spot, Easter Day, 1471. The contest was between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and proved decisive in favour of Edward IV. his great foe, the king-making Earl of Warwick, being slain. The mischiefs of WAR are incalculable. The inflamed passions of men in arms resemble the *tornado*, which sweeps every surrounding object into destruction!

> Alas! even *now*———— —
> When science roams at large about the world,
> When men would fain be thought exceeding wise,
> And talk of reason and religion too,
> As though their hearts felt what their tongues repeat;
> Even *now* the MONSTER triumphs!
>
> AMPHLETT.

We reached ST. ALBAN'S about breakfast time, distant twenty-one miles from London. The antiquity of this place entitles it to attention.

The town of *St. Alban's* is not large, and of rather a pleasant appearance. It has little trade of any kind. The magnitude of its abbey church strikes the eye of the beholder with a sensation of sublimity.

In or near this town two battles were fought in the bloody wars of York and Lancaster. That in 1455, was the first conflict, and terminated in favour of the Yorkists. The valiant Clifford and the great Earl of Somerset were slain in it, and the king, Henry VI. taken prisoner. The second battle, in 1461, ended in a complete victory to Queen Margaret, at the head of the Lancastrians.

In the vicinity of *St. Albans* are the vestiges of the ancient town of *Verulam*, so considerable in the days of the Romans. I had no time to examine them, but antiquarians concur in the declaration, that they are well worthy of inspection.

I must not forget to remark, that in one of the churches belonging to St. Alban's is a very handsome monument to the memory of the great Lord Chancellor BACON. He is represented sitting in a chair in a thoughtful posture, and beneath him is a latin inscription to this purport:

> FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam and Viscount of St. Alban's, or by his more known titles, the Light of the Sciences and the Law of Eloquence, was thus accustomed to sit; who, after having unravelled all the mysteries of natural and civil wisdom, fulfilled the decree of nature—*That things joined should be loosed!*—in the year of our Lord 1626, and of his age 66.

This was erected to the memory of so great a man by Thomas Meautys, who reverenced him while living, and admires him dead!

To the right of St. Alban's lies *Hatfield*, where his MAJESTY held a review a few weeks ago, which was attended by persons of distinction from every part of the country.

A little higher up stands the parish of *Welwyn*, of

which the celebrated Dr. EDWARD YOUNG, author of the Night-Thoughts, was rector for many years. Here he died in the year 1765, at a very advanced age. His talents were of a distinguished kind. He did not enter the church till he was fifty years of age —from the popularity of his poem entitled the *Last Day*, he expected considerable promotion, but was disappointed. With the decease of his present majesty's father, in the year 1751, all his hopes of preferment expired; he then retired to his living in the country, where he assiduously applied himself to the duties of his pastoral office, and to the writing of his *Night Thoughts*, which poem alone will confer upon him the palm of immortality! This piece was published in several parts, and the *first* books, or rather *Nights*, were of a very gloomy complexion. On this account Mr. Joseph Burroughs, a respectable and learned dissenting minister, wrote a kind of reply to them in blank verse, which included in *Italics* the exceptionable passages. This I have in my possession, and it may be deemed a literary curiosity. It has this singular but expressive title, *Day Thoughts*, or a *Vindication of the Goodness of God*. Whether Dr. Young ever paid attention to the piece I cannot learn, but certain it is, that the subsequent *Nights*, by which the volume is completed, were of a far more cheerful cast, and do justice to the benevolence of the deity: to use the poet's own expression, "*the triumph cancels the complaint*," and the sentiments are suitable to the bard's grand theme, LIFE, DEATH, and IMMORTALITY!

From the perusal of the *Night Thoughts* it has been imagined that its author was of a melancholy disposition. But nearly the reverse appears to be the truth. Dr. Johnson mentions, that he established an assembly room in his parish, and was remarkably full of vivacity in conversation. The death of his relatives in so quick a succession, the clandestine interment of his beloved daughter in France, and his unrealized expec-

tations of preferment, deeply wounded his sensibility, but we have no proof that melancholy was the permanent state of his mind. Indeed from his *Night Thoughts*, taken in their full scope, nothing of the kind can be fairly established.

Dr. Johnson has thus ably characterised this popular work. "In his *Night Thoughts*, Dr. Young has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry; variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of *every* hue and of *every* odour. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded—the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to a Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity!"

After all, it must be confessed that a strange mixture of melancholy and cheerfulness at times predominated in his mind. The two following anecdotes may serve to corroborate this assertion.

A friend, who was upon a visit to Dr. Young, was introduced into his garden for the purpose of an evening walk. The Dr. was pointing out the several embellishments which decorated this spot of ground; coming at length to the centre of the inclosure—"*here*," says the Dr. turning to his friend, "stood a sun-dial of curious construction, with this motto, alluding to time: EHEU FUGAX! *Alas! it flies away, or disappears*; which," added the reverend divine, "was sadly verified; for my sun-dial being stolen away, *disappeared* the *next* morning!"

The other little tale relates to his being in the same garden walking with some ladies, to one of whom he was then paying his addresses, and afterwards married. The servant came and informed his master that a gentleman wanted him in the house; the Dr. unwilling to quit the ladies, refused to go; they, however, taking him by the hand, led him to the gate, and obliged

him to leave them—when parting with them, he, looking back, exclaimed, in the following extempore lines:

Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven:
Like him I go—and yet to go am loath;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
Hard was *his* fate, but *mine* still more unkind,
His Eve went with him—but *mine* stays behind!

But it is time that I return to my journey northwards. We next came to *Dunstable*, a poor place just within the borders of Bedfordshire. A filthy pond in the middle of the town served to give it a more wretched appearance. Here we changed coaches, being halfway to Northampton. A manufacture of straw hats with hand-baskets and toys, is the chief employ of the inhabitants. Fashion, that fickle goddess, now favours this species of human ingenuity. It so happened that several women were assembled in the midst of the street near the inn, scolding about some theft which had that morning been committed amongst them by one of their children. One female, pale and trembling with passion, discovered no contemptible powers of oratory! The scene was comic and excited our risibility.

WOOBURN was the next town at which we arrived—an inconsiderable place of no celebrity. One thing, however, created a smile. The few streets, which are indifferently laid out, are at each corner pompously distinguished by a name, after the manner of our metropolis! A set of buildings in particular, at the end of the town, excited some ludicrous sensations. It consisted of three or four huts—built of stone and clay, and just fitted for the inhabitants of the South Sea islands. At the corner of this superb range of tenements was inscribed in legible and well constructed letters, BATTLY ROW! Surely such unnecessary distinctions

might be dispensed with, without any breach of decorum or propriety.

Near Wooburn stands *Wooburn Abbey,* the seat of the Duke of Bedford; a venerable mansion, encircled with appropriate pleasure grounds. This amiable nobleman and patriot turns much of his attention to the pursuits of agriculture. The annual *sheep-shearing feast* had just been held, and was attended by crowds of people. Agriculturists, even from Germany and Ireland, were present on the occasion. Prizes are given away to the most meritorious competitors—and hundreds are entertained by his grace with all the plenty of old English hospitality!

From time immemorial, *sheep-shearing* has been a period of rural festivity. These harmless animals yield their fleecy coverings for our comfort and support, but under the hands of the shearer they must experience some uneasy sensations. The dissipation of their fears is thus charmingly delineated by our favourite poet, Thomson:

> Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 'tis not the knife
> Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
> No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
> Who having now, to pay his annual share,
> Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
> Will send you bounding to your hills again!

We came to *Newport Pagnell,* a town with tolerably good inns. Here we dined, and then set off on our last stage for Northampton. The manufacture of lace is carried on in the town and neighbourhood, which is a sort of mart for that article, and flourishes considerably by that means. The paper manufacture is the other most important branch of their employment.

In reaching this place I should have mentioned that I left on the right the little town of *Ampthill,* noted for having been the residence of Catherine, wife of Henry the Eighth, during the time her unjust divorce

was in agitation. This event is commemorated by the following elegant inscription on a column where the old castle stood:

In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen;
Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years;
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd.
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed!

About seven in the evening we reached Northampton, passing by a fine gothic edifice called *Queen's Cross*, within a mile of the town. It was erected by king Edward the First to the memory of his beloved queen Eleanor. It is pleasing to observe the tender affections operating on the higher classes of society. Amidst the pomp and pageantry of their station, they remain susceptible of mutual attachments, and when broken by death, are obliged to have recourse to the elegy and sepulchral column in order to assuage the common sorrows of mortality!

NORTHAMPTON is a neat town, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Nen. The market-place is spacious, and All Saints church stands in the centre of the town, making a very prominent appearance. The streets are regular, and the houses possess an engaging uniformity. In one of the streets I was shewn an old edifice, where the original of Richardson's *Pamela* once lived, for novelists of ability generally draw their portraits from nature, and hence their admirable fidelity. To me I confess Northampton and its vicinity possessed additional charms on account of their having been the residence of *Doddridge* and *Hervey*, two pious and learned divines; the former amongst the protestant dissenters, the latter belonging to the church of England.

DR. PHILIP DODDRIDGE was born in London

in 1702, settled tutor of an academy at Northampton, 1729, and died of a consumption at Lisbon, 1751, whither he had gone for his recovery. His seminary was always in high reputation, and he was esteemed as well by the church as by dissenters. His labours and writings entitle him to the respect of posterity. His *Family Expositor*, in six volumes, 8vo, is a treasure of sacred criticism and pious reflections. The present Bishop of London recommends this work in his recent tract on the *Evidences of Christianity*. An elegant monument is erected to the memory of this good man in his own meeting at Northampton, and the following inscription was drawn up by his much-esteemed friend, Gilbert West, Esq.

To the Memory of
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.
Twenty-one Years Pastor of this Church,
Director of a flourishing Academy,
And Author of many excellent Writings;
By which
His pious, benevolent, and indefatigable Zeal
To make Men wise, good, and happy,
Will far better be made known,
And perpetuated much longer,
Than by this obscure and perishing Marble,
The humble Monument, not of his Praise,
But of their Esteem, Affection, and Regret,
Who knew him, lov'd him, and lament him,
And who are desirous of recording,
In this Inscription,
Their friendly but faithful Testimony
To the many amiable and christian Virtues
That adorned his more private Character,
By which, though dead, he yet speaketh,
And still present in remembrance,
Forcibly, though silently, admonisheth
His once beloved and ever grateful Flock.
He was born June 26, 1702,
And died October, 1751,
Aged 50.

The *piety* of Dr. Doddridge may be gathered from the following lines, which he wrote under the motto of his family arms, *Let us live whilst we live*—DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS, which Mr. Orton declares to be expressive of his general temper, and which Dr. Johnson pronounces to be the finest epigram in the English language:

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred Preacher cries,
"And give to GOD each moment as it flies."
"Lord, in *my* views let *both* united be;
"I live in *pleasure* when I live to *thee!*"

Nor must I here omit to mention, in the strongest terms of commendation, his *candour* to those who differed from him in religious sentiments. Senseless distinctions, artful insinuations, and savage anathemas, he abhorred from his soul, persuaded that they had no connection with pure and unadulterated christianity. In his excellent work, the *Family Expositor*, occurs the following paragraph on the subject, deserving of being written in characters of gold:

"Let us avoid as much as possible a *party spirit*, and not be fond of listing ourselves under the name of this or that man, how wise, how good, how great soever. Neither Luther nor Calvin, nor even Peter nor Paul, were crucified for us, nor were we baptized into any of their names. Happy is he who, being himself an example of *yielding*, so far as he conscientiously can, and of not taking upon him to censure others where he cannot yield to them, shall do his part towards cementing in the bonds of holy love *all* the children of God and the members of Christ! How unsuccessful soever his efforts may be amidst that angry and contentious, that ignorant and bigotted crowd who miscall themselves *christians*, or by whatever reproachful and suspicious names his *moderation* may be stigmatized, his Divine Master will neither fail to consider it

in its true light, nor to honour it with proportionable tokens of his acceptance and favour. *Love* is the first and greatest of his commandments, and after all the clamour which hath been made about *notions* and *forms*, he who practiseth and teacheth *love* best, shall be *greatest in the kingdom of heaven*."

I shall close my account of Dr. Doddridge with the concluding paragraph of *Dr. Kippis's Life* of him; he knew his merits well: "Upon the whole, *Dr. Philip Doddridge* was not only a great man, but one of the most excellent and useful christians and christian ministers that ever existed. The impression of his numerous and amiable virtues will not be effaced from my mind so long as it retains any sense of feeling or reflection."

JAMES HERVEY, the ingenious author of the *Meditations*, resided at the little village of *Weston Favell*, about three miles from Northampton. The Rev. Mr. H. the worthy, though not immediate successor of the late Dr. Doddridge, both in his congregation and academy, very obligingly accompanied me thither, and the walk gave rise to many pleasing sensations. Upon my reaching the church of Weston, of which Hervey was rector many years, I was surprised at the smallness and meanness of its appearance. On entering the edifice, the eye was caught by no long aisles, pompous monuments, or indeed splendid embellishments of any description. Perfectly plain and unadorned, it had no one thing to recommend it to our attention, except the recollection that *here* the pious and charitable Hervey exercised his ministry, and that *here* his remains were deposited till *the resurrection of the just!* Close to the communion-table, within the rails by which it stood encircled, I discovered a stone void of the least decoration, and inscribed with the following lines, after informing the reader that he breathed his last on Christmas-Day, 1758, aged 45:

Reader, expect no more to make him known;
Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone;
A name more lasting shall his writings give;
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and LIVE!

The lateness of the evening left me scarcely enough light to pick out the inscription, and threw a gloom over the place, which impressed me with an additional solemnity. It is at such moments that the soul, concentrating her powers, meditates on the vanity of terrestrial enjoyments, and feels the inestimable value of that REVELATION which brings *life and immortality to light!*

My regard for this excellent man arises from the circumstance that his writings were the first of a theological kind that engaged my attention. His style, though far from being faultless, is calculated to arrest the youthful imagination; and his sentiments in general breathe an elevated devotion.

You will not, my young friend, blame me for my curiosity in visiting spots, which eminent men have hallowed by their exertions to promote the best interests of mankind. The theologian, as well as the literary man, is entitled to its gratification. Dr. Beattie, in drawing the character of a beloved son, of whom he was prematurely deprived by death, mentions this *curiosity* among the commendable traits for which he was distinguished.

"He had a passion," says this pleasing writer, "for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained any memorials of them; and as in this I resembled him, we often walked together on what he called classic ground. Westminster Abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a favourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestic scenes of Blenheim and Windsor,

At Oxford, where we passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed (literally he did so) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakespeare at Stratford, and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the house, and even the chamber (near Coltsworth, in Lincolnshire) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born. The last time he and I were at Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke Hall which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr. Gray, of whom he was a warm admirer, he being the greatest poetical genius that Britain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode to the genius of Gray, of which I find among his papers a few stanzas, but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode, I think, he wrote or planned while we were passing some time in 1787 at Windsor, where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which Gray *is buried*, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes."

Pleading so respectable a precedent, you cannot with justice censure my curiosity. Indeed, the desire of visiting places on which talents, and virtue, and piety, have shed a kind of sacredness, is connected with the best feelings of our nature, and affords the most refined gratification. Such sensations should be devoutly cherished—it is a tribute of respect due to meritorious characters, and it excites an honourable emulation.

Next morning, about seven o'clock, I left Northampton for *Market Harborough*. Fortunately a lady, who had been for her daughter from a boarding-school, politely offered me a third part of a postchaise as far as Leicester, which I cheerfully accepted. The morning was pleasant, the road tolerably good, and driving with some rapidity, we reached the place of our destination to breakfast. Market Harborough

chiefly consists of one long street, in which stands the church, with a handsome gothic tower, adding much to the appearance of the town. Being a great thoroughfare on the road to Derby, Nottingham, &c. it has many good inns for the accommodation of travellers. It is remarkable, that the town, although in a flourishing state, has neither fields, meadows, or any lands whatever belonging to it, which gave rise to a proverb used in former times, "that a goose would eat up all the grass in Harborough."

To the right of this town, at the distance of a few miles, near Oundle, stands *Fotheringay Castle*, where MARY *Queen of Scots* was confined and beheaded. This murder was perpetrated by Elizabeth, with all the arts of a deep-laid hypocrisy. But Stuart and Whitaker have drawn aside the flimsy veil, and held up the deed to the bitter scorn of infamy. The sufferings of this beautiful, but imprudent woman, have secured to her the compassion of posterity.

To the left of the road, not far from Harborough, lay *Naseby Field*, where a bloody battle was fought, June 14th, 1645, between General Fairfax and Charles the First, in which the forces of the latter were routed. This engagement proved fatal to the unhappy king's affairs, for a casket found in the baggage contained letters to the queen, which discovered the plan of operation laid down, and through the precautions taken in consequence of that information by the parliament, all his schemes were defeated.

A little further up, just within the borders of Leicestershire, also, stands *Lutterworth*, a small town with a large handsome church, of which JOHN WICKLIFFE, the noted reformer, was rector, and here he died in peace, in spite of the evil machinations of popery. His pulpit still exists, whence he honestly inveighed against the gross errors of the times, and instructed his hearers in the rudiments of pure christianity. He has been justly pronounced the *morning star* of the REFORMATION!

We reached *Leicester* by noon, where I with regret parted with my female fellow-traveller, whose conversation contributed greatly to enliven this latter part of my journey.

LEICESTER is a town of considerable antiquity, and flourished even in the time of the Romans. Many Roman antiquities have been found here, particularly about a century ago, when coins and statues were dug up, after having laid in the bosom of the earth for ages. One of their catacombs or burying places was likewise discovered here, built of brick and rag-stones, with niches where the urns had been deposited; but in what age it was erected is not certainly known, though most probably soon after they settled in Britain; because, when christianity became the established religion of the empire, the practice of burning dead bodies was totally abolished. The remains of this antique repository have a singular appearance, and are now known by the name of *Old Jewry Wall*. This town underwent various revolutions in the different stages of our history. It was stormed and taken by Charles the First the 31st of May, 1645; but he did not keep it long, for being defeated at the battle of Naseby, General Fairfax retook it for the parliament.

At present, Leicester is in a flourishing state, by reason of the manufactory of stockings, which is here carried on to a large extent. The houses are in general well built, but with no great regularity. Some mud walls at the entrance of the town ought to be levelled with the ground. It has six parishes, though only five churches. There are several dissenting places of worship, which are well attended. The presbyterian meeting is large and commodious: over this society presided for upwards of fifty years the late venerable and reverend Hugh Worthington, A. M. with an unremitting zeal and activity. The general baptist place of worship also is particularly neat and agreeable: it was erected a few years ago—the pulpit was designed

by Mr. Ludlam, the mathematician, and is a transcript of St. Mary's at Oxford. May the worthy pastor of this church, continue to labour in this part of the vineyard with increasing alacrity and usefulness!

To preach a *Charity sermon* at this place was the purport of my journey, though I was called both to Quorndon, near Loughborough, and to Nottingham, on similar services. Indeed, SCHOOLS for the instruction of poor children are the only sure means of regenerating our land. From such institutions the most valuable consequences will accrue to the next generation. In the mean time, we must not expect that any thing short of such measures can effectually counteract the pernicious effects of vice, which threaten to deluge our country. Indeed, kings may issue their proclamations, lawgivers may enact their statutes, judges may twice a year ascend their tribunals, prisons may be crowded with culprits, lands may be sought out in the remotest parts of the earth for banishment, nay, gibbets may be erected in every part of our island, and bodies hung thereon till the air become pestilential; yet, after all, the utmost efforts of legislative skill will prove ineffectual, provided the religious education of the poor be neglected: so true are the words of the wisest of men: *They shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of their folly shall they go astray!* In the sacred writings we read of a tree whose virtues sweetened and purified the waters of Marah—*the tree of knowledge* has a similar efficacy on the human heart, that capacious fountain out of which flow *the issues of life!*

Leicester has two gaols near each other, the one for the town, the other for the county, a spacious market-place, a handsome infirmary, a new beautiful assembly-room, and several pleasant walks in its vicinity. On my return from one of these walks, in company with some agreeable ladies, I entered the town by a part of it called *Newark*, which contains many excel-

lent houses, and whose situation has many charms to recommend it. It may emphatically be stiled, *the West End of the Town.*

Four objects at Leicester attracted my attention.

First, a tomb-stone with a *singular epitaph* in the church of St. Martin. The substance of it is, that one Mr. John Heyrick, who died on the second of April, 1589, in the 76th year of his age, lived with his wife fifty-two years in one house; and although they had often twenty in family, yet during the whole of that time he never buried one single person. The epitaph also informs us, that his wife, who died in 1611, aged 97, had one hundred and forty-three persons of her own issue, including the third generation. Such *long-livers,* in conjunction with their *fruitfulness,* remind me of the ancient and venerable patriarch, whom the poet thus happily describes:

> At life's meridian point arriv'd HE stood,
> And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
> With nations from his loins; full well content
> To leave his race thus scatter'd over earth,
> Along the gentle slope of life's decline
> He bent his gradual way, till full of years
> He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave!
>
> DEATH.

Second, A *Roman curiosity,* which is to be seen in the cellar of a respectable tradesman in the town. It is supposed to have been the bottom of a bath, and represents in tesselated work the figure of a stag and a human being, alluding to the ancient mythology. Some antiquarians imagine, that it bears a reference to the story of *Acteon and his dogs,* so pleasingly detailed in Ovid, whilst others contend that it exhibits some other extraordinary change in fabulous history. Be this as it may, it is without doubt the most complete specimen of the kind I ever saw, and deservedly engages the attention of all true lovers of antiquity. At first

sight it has a confused appearance, but viewed with a steady eye in a certain direction, it gradually developes itself, till the entire figures shew their proportions in all their exquisite beauty and propriety. *Tesselated pavements* were common among the Romans. They were a kind of rich mosaic work, made of curious square marbles, bricks, or tiles, called *tesselæ*, from their resembling dice. The materials and construction ensured a wonderful degree of durability.

Third, A *ruinous house*, formerly the *Old Blue Boar Inn*, where RICHARD the THIRD lodged previous to the battle of Bosworth, in the year 1485, and whence he issued to that fatal contest which put an end to the long and bloody contention between the houses of York and Lancaster. The *infamous Richard* was killed in the battle; his body, besmeared with gore, was stripped naked, thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester for interment, and his stone coffin was afterwards converted into a horse-trough, belonging to the largest inn in the town.

At this ancient house a singular affair happened, which is thus recorded by Sir John Twisden, who had the particulars from persons of veracity. A bedstead, which RICHARD had brought with him, was set up for him to lay upon, and remained there when he marched to the field of battle. After his death, no person ever came to demand this bedstead, which was very large, strong, and heavy; it therefore became considered as a fixture belonging to the inn, and was transferred accordingly from landlord to landlord with the lease of the house. After many persons had occupied the inn, without any great notice being taken of the bedstead, it came into the possession of a very industrious couple, and the room in which the bedstead was fixed they appropriated to their own use. The good woman being one day very busy in cleaning this chamber, by accident struck the broom with considerable force against the bedstead, and was imme-

diately surprised by hearing money jingle on the ground. Looking under the bed, she found several broad pieces of gold, which increasing her surprise, she called her husband, and acquainted him with the whole affair. The man was as much surprised as his wife, and both being very curious to unravel this mysterious affair, and discover some more coin if possible, they immediately stripped the bed-clothes from off the bedstead. Then searching narrowly, they perceived a kind of door, which the stroke of the broom had just forced open; on which they opened it quite, where to their great joy many other pieces tumbled out. They now found, that what they had taken to be solid wood was hollow within, the whole cavity being filled with broad pieces of gold. They immediately secured their treasure, which amounted to a great sum. The pieces were all fresh, and of the coin of Richard the Third. They, however, imprudently made the affair quite public, through an avaricious design of disposing of the pieces for considerably more than their intrinsic value. The rumour of this affair brought many of the nobility and gentry to the inn. Thus the custom was not only greatly increased, but ten guineas were frequently given for a single piece by those who made their opulence subservient to their curiosity. Thus the innkeeper grew extremely rich; but being of an avaricious temper, he would not quit his inn, or sacrifice his interest to his ease. His opulence, however, gave him importance, so that he was deemed one of the most considerable men in the town of Leicester, and was once elected mayor. At length he died, and left the immense wealth, concerning which he had been so many years solicitous, to his wife, whose disposition being similar to her husband's, she likewise kept on the inn, though she was near seventy years of age. At length the imagination of her immense riches proved a temptation to accomplish her destruction, and induced four wicked

wretches to lay a scheme not only to rob her, but to murder her likewise, in order to prevent discovery. Among the four who had conspired to destroy her was a maid-servant, who had lived with her for many years, and her waiter, who had agreed, after the accomplishment of their villany, to retire to some distant part of the kingdom to be married, and live at ease upon their ill-got treasure. On the fatal night appointed, they with their vile associates, two indigent townsmen, perpetrated the horrid deed, by cutting the old woman's throat from ear to ear! The bloody act was performed by her maid servant, to whom she had been remarkably kind, and indeed at her death, which could not have been very far off according to the common course of nature, she intended to bequeath her a considerable legacy. Thus, by having a little patience, she would have been possessed, without guilt, of more than what came to her share by imbruing her hands in the blood of her innocent mistress. They were, however, all greatly baulked in their expectations, for the old lady had, but a little time before, put out her money to use, so that they found but a trifle in the house. They took, however, what money they could, and packing up plate, linen, wearing apparel, and the most valuable moveables, they put all into a cart which they had got in waiting for the purpose, and drove away in the middle of the night, leaving all the house fast except a back-door. In the morning, the people of the town were amazed that the inn was not open at the usual time. When noon arrived, the inn still continued shut, as if it was the dead of night, and many travellers were at the same time waiting about the door for entertainment for themselves and cattle. This raised many suspicions, but at length several of the neighbours applied to the mayor of Leicester, and informed him of their conjectures. The mayor, with proper officers, repaired to the place, and finding the back door open, they entered, and soon discovered that the people's surmises were

but too true, when they perceived the house was stripped, and the hostess barbarously murdered. A hue and cry was immediately raised, and the assassins were so hotly pursued, that they were all apprehended the same evening, and brought back to Leicester, together with the property they had stolen. They were lodged in the gaol till the assizes, when they were all condemned, the three men to be hanged, and the woman to be burnt. Their sentence was executed accordingly, and they died unlamented.

Lastly, *St. Mary's Abbey*, of which a great part remains to the present day. It stands among pleasant meadows near the banks of the river, and was built by Robert, earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry the First. Many great men presided over it, and here that haughty statesman, *Cardinal Wolsey*, ended his days under the displeasure of his monarch. He died November 29, 1530, and was buried in the abbey. In his last agony he regretted that he had not served God with the same fidelity he had always used towards his royal master. Our inimitable Shakespeare, who has drawn the fall of Wolsey with exquisite beauty, expresses the sentiment in these words:

O Cromwell! Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

The RUINS of this ABBEY have a very fine appearance at a distance, and are indeed in themselves particularly solemn and impressive. They proclaim its former magnificence; they remind us of the pomp and grandeur of its possessors, now gone down to the dust; they emphatically shew us the decay to which sublunary objects are destined, in spite of every effort to rescue them from the all-devouring gulph of oblivion:

'Tis *now* the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis *now* the apartment of the toad,

And *there* the fox securely feeds,
And *there* the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds,
While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls!
Yet time has been that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this *broken pile* complete,
Big with the vanity of state!
But transient is the smile of fate;
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is *all* the PROUD and MIGHTY have
Between the cradle and the grave!

DYER.

Such, my young friend, is my sketch of Leicester and its vicinity, which I trust you will peruse, as well as the former part of the letter, with that affectionate candour to which the director of your youthful studies is entitled. It is now, however, time that I relieve your attention, by subscribing myself,

Your affectionate tutor,

J. EVANS.

BIOGRAPHY.

IT is (says Dr. Burney) by such minute degrees that men arrive at that point of eminence which interests the public, and awakens general curiosity, that the beginnings of greatness pass unobserved till they can no longer be distinctly seen through the blaze of meridian brightness. Thus the early events of an illustrious character are generally as obscure and fabulous as the first years of an ancient and powerful empire. For biographers, notwithstanding the title they assume, seldom draw from the life, nor till an illustrious personage has been some time deceased, do enquiry and conjecture

begin to busy themselves in tracing incidents, describing situations, and delineating characters; and hence, by procrastination, the whole becomes little better than a mere *fancy piece.*

If it were possible, however, to know in detail the youthful exploits of an Alexander or a Cæsar, the first poetical effusions of a Homer or a Virgil, the dawnings of reason in a Newton or a Locke, or the primary fermentations and expansions of genius in a Handel, they would afford great gratification to human curiosity, which delights in seeing by what minute gradations, or gigantic strides, men gifted with uncommon powers begin their journey to the temple of fame.

GENIUS OF EDMUND BURKE.

By R. Hall, A. M. of Cambridge.

In the field of reason the encounter would not be difficult; but who can withstand the fascination of his eloquence? The excursions of his genius are immense. His imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of the creation, and every walk of art. His eulogium on the queen of France is a master-piece of pathetic composition; so select are its images, so fraught with tenderness, and so rich with colours "dipt in heaven," that he who can read it without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility. His imagination is, in truth, only too prolific, a world of itself, where he dwells in perpetual alarms, and starts like Prospero at the spectres of his own creation.

GENIUS OF DR. PRIESTLEY.

By the same Hand.

I should be sorry to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish my sensibility to virtue, or my admira-

tion of genius. From him the poisoned arrow will fall pointless. His enlightened and active mind, his unwearied assiduity, the extent of his researches, the light he has poured into almost every department of science, will be the admiration of that period when the greater part of those who have favoured, or those who have opposed him, will be alike forgotten. Distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun, and follow it in its course, seldom fail, at the close of it, to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary which they cannot hide!

SUFFERINGS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY IN FRANCE.

By the same Hand.

THE execution of the king was certainly a most cruel and unjustifiable transaction, alike repugnant to law, order, and humanity. Without being conducive to any views of policy whatever, it seems to have been merely a gratification of the most detestable passions. The treatment of the beautiful and unfortunate queen, and of the royal family, was barbarous and unmanly in the extreme. When we look at their sufferings, humanity weeps, and pity forgets their crimes!

THE DUTY OF ALL PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

By the same.

WHAT must be the guilt of those men who can calmly contemplate the approach of anarchy and despotism, and rather chuse to behold the ruin of their country, than resign the smallest pittance of private

emolument and advantage. To reconcile the disaffected, to remove discontents, to allay animosities, and open a prospect of increasing happiness and freedom, is yet in our power; but if a contrary course be taken, the sun of Great Britain is set for ever, her glory departed, and her history added to the catalogue of the mighty empires, which exhibit the instability of all human grandeur; of empires, which, after they rose by virtue to be the admiration of the world, sunk by corruption into obscurity and contempt. If any thing shall then remain of her boasted constitution, it will display magnificence in disorder, majestic desolation, Babylon in ruins, where, in the midst of broken arches and fallen columns, posterity will trace the *monuments* only of our ancient freedom!

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

PONTANUS, a man celebrated among the early restorers of literature, thought *the study of our own hearts* of so much importance, that he thus recommended it from his tomb; for the following is a translation of his Latin epitaph:

> I am PONTANUS, beloved by the powers of literature, admired by men of worth, and dignified by the monarchs of the world. Thou knowest now *who I am*, or more properly *who I was:* for thee, stranger, I who am in darkness, cannot know thee, but I entreat thee to—KNOW THYSELF."

CHARLES THE SECOND

WAS endowed by nature with qualities which gave him a just title to popularity, and his wonderful restoration to the throne of his ancestors, amidst the universal acclamations of his subjects, after twenty years of calamity and confusion, seemed to prognosticate a reign

of unexampled felicity. Adversity has been stiled the school of princes, and he possessed a capacity which might have enabled him to derive the most essential benefits from its discipline. His knowledge, though not extensive or profound, was of that species, which, in public life, is of the highest importance, and which, if it had been rightly applied, would have conferred an honourable distinction upon his character. He was well acquainted with history and politics—he understood the interests of his country, and perfectly knew the rank she was entitled to hold amongst the powers of Europe. He was possessed of the most insinuating and graceful address, and without departing from the dignity of his station, he knew how to charm all who approached his person by the unaffected condescension and engaging affability of his manners. Notwithstanding, however, the flattering appearances which raised so high the hopes of his subjects and the expectations of the world, such and so great were his deviations from the standard of political and moral rectitude, that he incurred, before the conclusion of his reign, the indignation, the odium, and contempt of every friend of liberty and virtue. BELSHAM.

KING WILLIAM.

THERE are few princes in ancient or modern times, who have acted a more conspicuous or important part on the great theatre of the world, than King William. Scarcely had he attained to the age of complete manhood, when he was called upon by the united voice of his countrymen to rescue them from the dangers of an invasion which had nearly subverted the republic. When their apprehensions had reduced them to the lowest ebb of despondency, he awakened the drooping genius of the commonwealth, and Holland, under the auspices of a prince of the House of Orange, quickly

re-assumed her courage and re-established her power. When these nations were threatened with the dreadful prospect of popery and slavery, this prince was again invoked for aid and assistance, and accomplishing with unparalleled happiness and success the glorious and immortal work of their deliverance was rewarded with that crown which fell from the head of the abdicated tyrant. During the concluding years of his life, he was considered as the great bulwark of the liberties of Europe, and was angered by the pride and the power of Lewis the Fourteenth, to whose vast and unprincipled projects of ambition he opposed, in that grand alliance of which he was the former and the head, an insurmountable barrier. BELSHAM.

HIS CONSORT QUEEN MARY,

Was in December, 1694, attacked with what appeared a transient indisposition, from which she soon, in a great degree, recovered. But the disorder returning with more serious symptoms, the physicians of the houshold were called in, who pronounced it to be the measles, and very improper remedies were applied, for it was soon ascertained it was the small-pox of the confluent and most malignant sort. She probably thought herself in danger from the first, as in an early stage she shut herself up in her closet for many hours, and burning many papers, put the rest in order. The new archbishop (Tennison) attended her, and when no hope of recovery remained, he, with the king's approbation, communicated to her the true state of her condition. She received the intelligence with the most perfect composure, and said she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left till the last hour; she had nothing then to do but to look up to God and submit to his will, and continued to the last uniformly calm and resigned. She gave orders to look carefully for a small escritoir, to be de-

livered to the king. The day before she died she received the sacrament—all the bishops, who were attending, being admitted to receive it with her; after which she had her last interview with the king, to whom she addressed a few broken sentences, imperfectly understood. Cordials were administered, but in vain. She lay silent for some hours, and from a few words which then dropped from her lips, it was perceived that her thoughts were wandering. In conclusion, she died on the 28th of December, 1694, about one in the morning, in the 33d year of her age, and sixth of her reign. She was buried at Westminster with unusual honours, both houses of parliament assisting at the solemnity, and her memory was consecrated by the tears of the nation. All distinctions of party seemed for a moment to be forgotten and absorbed in one general sentiment of affectionate and grateful admiration. Yet such is the tendency of faction to debase and brutalise the mind, that a certain non-juring clergyman was capable of insulting the memory of this accomplished princess, by preaching, on the occasion of her funeral, on the following remarkable text: *Go now, see this accursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter.*

The king was justly inconsolable for her loss. During her illness he had given way to the most passionate bursts of grief; and after her death he seemed for many weeks and months plunged into the deepest melancholy. The necessity of attending to the great affairs of government at length roused him, in some measure, from his lethargy, and he gradually recovered his composure of mind; but to the last moment of his life he retained the fondest and tenderest affection for her memory.

BELSHAM.

TILLOTSON AND SANCROFT.

In 1694 the church of England sustained a great loss in the sudden death of its metropolitan, Archbishop Tillotson, a prelate who, in a very difficult and critical situation, had conducted himself with great wisdom, temper, and moderation. He had a clear head with a tender and compassionate heart, and like his celebrated predecessor, Cranmer, was a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle, generous, and placable adversary. He was succeeded in his high office by Dr. Tennison, bishop of Lincoln, a man highly respectable for understanding, piety, and candour. *Sancroft*, the deprived metropolitan, had died some months before Tillotson, greater in his village retirement of Scanding, than on his archiepiscopal throne; which he appeared, in the times in which he lived, but ill qualified to fill. Though he could never conscientiously take the oaths to the new government, he discovered nothing of a factious or seditious spirit, and abstained from whatever had a tendency to violate the public peace. In a conference, which, during his last illness, we are told he held with one of his confirming chaplains, it seems evident that he died in charity with all men. "You and I," said the dying prelate, "have gone different ways in these late affairs; but I trust heaven's gates are wide enough to receive us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart; indeed in the great integrity of my heart."

BELSHAM.

JOHN ZEPHANIAH HOLWELL, ESQ.

Died at his house at Pinner, on the 5th of November, 1798. He was formerly governor of Bengal, the last survivor of that ever memorable and fatal catastrophe, the Black Hole prison, at Calcutta, and writer of the excellent narrative of that night of horrors. He was a

gentleman in whom brilliancy of talents, benignity of spirit, social vivacity, and suavity of manners, were so eminently united, as to render him one of the most amiable of men at the advanced age of *ninety-eight*, the period of his decease.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers, whence are thy beams, O sun! whence thy everlasting light! Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky. The moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave; but thou, thou thyself, movest alone! Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall, the mountains themselves decay with years, the ocean shrinks and grows again, the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course! When the world is dark with tempests; when the thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern cloud, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west!

ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

[*From Burney's Life of Handel.*]

WHEN *Handel* went through Chester, in his way to Ireland, 1741, he applied to Mr. Baker, the organist, to know whether there were any choirmen in the cathedral who could sing *at sight*, as he wished to prove some books that had been hastily transcribed, by trying the chorusses, which he intended to perform in Ireland. Mr. Baker mentioned some of the most likely singers then in Chester, and among the rest a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass

voice, and was one of the best musicians in the choir. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal at the Golden Falcon, where *Handel* was quartered; but alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, "And with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts, failed so egregiously, that Handel let loose his great bear upon him, and after swearing in four or five languages, cried out, in broken English—"You shcauntrel! tit not you dell me dat you cauld sing *at soite?*" "Yes, sir," says the affrighted printer, "and so I can, but not at *first sight.*"

ONE night, while *Handel* was in Dublin, Dubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make at his pleasure, he wandered about in different keys a great while, and seemed a little bewildered, and uncertain of his original key; but at length coming to the shake which was to terminate this long close, *Handel,* to the great delight of the audience and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre, "You are welcome *home,* Mr. Dubourg!"

THE last season of *Handel*'s personal attendance, and of his life, was remarkably successful. One of my friends, who was generally at the performance of each oratorio that year, and who used to visit him after it was over in the treasurer of the theatre's office, says, that the money he used to take to his carriage of a night, though in gold and silver, was as likely to weigh him down and throw him into a fever, as the copper money of the painter Correggio, if he had had so far to carry it.

In 1749, *Theodora* was so very unfortunately abandoned, that he was glad if any professors, who did not perform, would accept of tickets or orders for admission. Two gentlemen of that description, now living, having applied to *Handel,* after the disgrace of *Theodora,* for an order to hear the *Messiah,* he cried out "Oh, your sarvant! you are tamnaple tainty!

you would not co to *Teodora*—there was room enough to tance dere when dat was perform."

SOMETIMES, however, I have heard him as pleasantly as philosophically console his friends, when, previous to the curtain being drawn up, they have lamented that the house was so empty, by saying, "Nevre moind, de moosic vil sound de petter."

HIS late majesty, George the Second, was a steady patron of *Handel* (who was a German) during these times, and constantly attended his oratorios, when they were abandoned by the rest of the court. About this time, therefore, there was handed about a *bon mot* of Lord Chesterfield's, by a nobleman, who, going one night to the oratorio at Covent Garden, met his lordship coming out of the theatre. "What, my lord! are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "Yes," says his lordship, "they are now performing, but I thought it best to retire, lest I should disturb the king in his *privacies*."

THE late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band, used to tell me several stories of *Handel*'s love of good cheer, liquid and solid, as well as of his impatience: of the former he gave an instance, which was accidentally discovered at his own house in Brook Street, where Brown, in the oratorio season, among other principal performers, was at dinner. During the repast *Handel* often cried out—"O I have de taught (thought)" when the company, unwilling that out of civility to them the public should be robbed of any thing so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down, with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that at last one of the most suspicious had the ill-bred curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room, where he perceived that *dese taughts* were only bestowed on a fresh hamper of Burgundy, which, as was afterwards discovered, he had received

in a present from his friend the late Earl of Radnor, while his company was regaled with more generous and *spirited* port.

AT Mrs. Cibber's house Mr. *Handel* used to meet Quin, who, in spite of native roughness, was very fond of music. Yet the first time Mrs. Cibber prevailed on *Handel* to sit down to the harpsichord while he was present, on which occasion I remember the great musician played the overture of *Sirac*, and delighted us all with the marvellous neatness with which he played the jig at the end of it, Quin, after *Handel* was gone, being asked by Mrs. Cibber, whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand, replied, "A *hand*, madam! you mistake, it's a *foot*." "Poh! poh!" says she, "has he not a fine finger?" "*Toes*, by G— madam!" Indeed his hand was then so fat, that the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dented or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave; however his touch was so smooth, and the tone of the instrument so much cherished, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact when he played, that no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves, could be discovered.

HANDEL, late in life, like the great poets Homer and Milton, was afflicted with blindness. To see him led to the organ after this calamity, at upwards of seventy years of age, and then conducted towards the audience, to make his accustomed obeisance, was a sight so truly afflicting and deplorable to persons of sensibility, as greatly diminished their pleasure in hearing him perform. The last oratorio at which he attended and performed, was on the 6th of April, and he expired on Friday the 13th, 1759. Dr. Warren, his physician, remembers, that *Handel* having been always impressed with a profound reverence for the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion, had most seriously and devoutly wished, for several days before his death, that

he might breathe his last on *Good Friday*, in hopes he said, "of meeting his good God, his sweet Lord and Saviour, on the day of his resurrection," meaning the third day, or the Easter Sunday following.

THE figure of *Handel* was large, and he was somewhat corpulent and unwieldy in his motions, but his countenance was full of fire and dignity, and such as impressed ideas of superiority and genius. He was impetuous, rough, and peremptory in his manners and conversation, but totally devoid of ill-nature or malevolence; indeed there was an original humour and pleasantry in his most lively sallies of anger or impatience, which, with his broken English, were extremely risible. His natural propensity to wit and humour, and happy manner of relating common occurrences in an uncommon way, enabled him to throw persons and things into very ridiculous attitudes. Had he been as great a master of the English language as Swift, his *bon mots* would have been as frequent, and somewhat of the same kind.

Handel, with many virtues, was addicted to no vice that was injurious to society. Nature, indeed, required a great supply of sustenance to support so huge a mass, and he was rather epicurean in the choice of it, but this seems to have been the only appetite he allowed himself to gratify.

He wore an enormous white wig, and when things went well at the oratorio, it had a certain nod or vibration, which manifested his pleasure and satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humour.

His general look was somewhat heavy and sour; but when he *did* smile, it was his sire, the sun, bursting out of a black cloud. There was a sudden flash of intelligence, wit, and good humour, beaming in his countenance, which I hardly ever saw in any other.

Handel was born at Halle, in Lower Saxony, Fe-

bruary 24th, 1684, and in his early years he discovered such a passion for music as could not be subdued by the commands of his father, who intended him for the profession of the law. He first visited England in the year 1710, and after the ascension of George the First, in 1714, made England his settled abode.

The funeral of *Handel* was not public, like that of Rameau in France, of Jomelli in Italy, or of our Dryden and Garrick in England, yet when he was buried in Westminster Abbey, April the 20th, 1759, the Dean, Dr. Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, assisted by the choir, performed the funeral solemnity. More general and rational testimonies of regard were left to the present period, when all enmities, jealousies, and operations of envy were subsided, and when time, examination, and reflection had given new charms and importance to his works; and this pleasing task has been performed in a way so ample, magnificent, and honourable, that it will be difficult to find, either in ancient or modern history, a more liberal and splendid example of gratitude to a deceased artist in any other country.

Over his elegant and expressive monument in Westminster Abbey is the following inscription:

> Within these sacred walls the memory of HANDEL was celebrated, under the patronage and in the presence of his most gracious Majesty, George the Third, on the 26th and 29th of May, and on the 3d and 5th of June, 1784. The music performed on this solemnity was selected from his own works, under the direction of Brownlow Earl of Exeter, John Earl of Sandwich, Henry Earl of Uxbridge, Sir Watkin William Wynn, Bart. and Sir Richard Jebb, Bart. The band, consisting of 525 vocal and instrumental performers, was conducted by Joah Bates, Esq.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

INFANCY AND YOUTH OF ROBERT BURNS,

THE SCOTCH POET.

Written by Himself.

[*From Dr. Currie's new Edition of the Works of Burns.*]

ROBERT BURNS was, as is well known, the son of a farmer in Ayrshire, and afterwards himself a farmer there; but having been unsuccessful, he was about to emigrate to Jamaica. He had previously however attracted some notice by his poetical talents in the vicinity where he lived, and having published a small volume of his poems at Kilmarnock, this drew upon him more general attention. In consequence of the encouragement he received, he repaired to Edinburgh, and there published by subscription an improved and enlarged edition of his poems, which met with extraordinary success. By the profits arising from the sale of this edition, he was enabled to enter on a farm in Dumfriesshire; and having married a person to whom he had been long attached, he retired, to devote the remainder of his life to agriculture. He was again, however, unsuccessful, and abandoning his farm, he removed to the town of Dumfries, where he filled an inferior office in the Excise, and where he terminated his life in July 1796, in his 38th year.

The strength and originality of his genius procured him the notice of many persons distinguished in the republic of letters, and among others, that of Dr. Moore, well known for his Views of Society and Manners on the Continent of Europe, for his Zeluco, and various other works. To this gentleman our poet addressed the following letter, after his first visit to Edinburgh, being a history of his life up to the period of his writing. In a composition never intended to see the light, elegance, or perfect correctness of composition will not be expected. These, however, will be

compensated by the opportunity of seeing our poet, as he gives the incidents of his life, unfold the peculiarities of his character, with all the careless vigour and open sincerity of his mind.

"SIR, *Mauchline, 2d August*, 1787.

"For some months past I have been rambling over the country, but am now confined with some lingering complaints, originating, as I take it, in the stomach. To divert my spirits a little in this miserable fog of *ennui*, I have taken a whim to give you a history of myself. My name has made some little noise in this country; you have done me the honour to interest yourself very warmly in my behalf; and I think a faithful account of what character of a man I am, and how I came by that character, may perhaps amuse you in an idle moment. I will give you an honest narrative, though I know it will be often at my own expence; for I assure you, Sir, I have, like Solomon, whose character, excepting in the trifling affair of *wisdom*, I sometimes think I resemble; I have, I say, like him turned my eyes to behold madness and folly; and like him too frequently shaken hands with their intoxicating friendship. * * * * After you have perused these pages, should you think them trifling and impertinent, I only beg leave to tell you, that the poor author wrote them under some twitching qualms of conscience, arising from a suspicion that he was doing what he ought not to do; a predicament he has more than once been in before.

"I have not the most distant pretensions to assume that character which the pye-coated guardians of escutcheons call, a gentleman. When at Edinburgh last winter, I got acquainted in the herald's office, and looking through the granary of honours, I there found almost every nam of the kingdom; but for me,

"My ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Gules, Purpure, Argent, &c. quite disowned me.

"My father was of the north of Scotland, the son of a farmer, and was thrown by early misfortunes on the world at large; where after many years wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom.—I have met with few who understood *men, their manners, and their ways,* equal to him; but stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances; consequently I was born a very poor man's son.

"For the first six or seven years of my life, my father was gardener to a worthy gentleman of small estate in the neighbourhood of Ayr. Had he continued in that station, I must have marched off to be one of the little underlings about a farm-house; but it was his dearest wish and prayer to have it in his power to keep his children under his own eye, till they could discern between good and evil: so with the assistance of his generous master, my father ventured on a small farm on his estate. At those years I was by no means a favourite with any body. I was a good deal noted for a retentive memory, a stubborn sturdy something in my disposition, and an enthusiastic ideot piety—I say *ideot* piety, because I was then but a child. Though it cost the schoolmaster some thrashings, I made an excellent English scholar; and by the time I was ten or eleven years of age, I was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles. In my infant and boyish days too, I owed much to an old woman who resided in the family, remarkable for her ignorance, credulity, and superstition. She had, I suppose, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, inchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery. This cultivated the latent seeds of poetry; but had so strong an effect on my imagination, that to this hour, in my nocturnal rambles, I sometimes keep a sharp

look out in suspicious places; and though nobody can be more sceptical than I am in such matters, yet it often takes an effort of philosophy to shake off these idle terrors. The earliest composition that I recollect taking pleasure in was, The vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza which was music to my boyish ear—

> "For though on dreadful whirls we hung
> High on the broken wave."—

I met with these pieces in Mason's English Collection, one of my school-books. The two first books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were, the Life of Hannibal, and the History of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn, that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bag-pipe, and wished myself tall enough to be a soldier; while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there, till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.

"Polemical divinity about this time was putting the country half-mad, and I, ambitious of shining in conversation parties on Sundays between sermons, at funerals, &c. used, a few years afterwards, to puzzle Calvinism with so much heat and indiscretion, that it raised a hue and cry of heresy against me, which has not ceased to this hour.

"My vicinity to Ayr was of some advantage to me. My social disposition, when not checked by some modification of spited pride, was, like our catechism definition of infinitude, *without bounds or limits.* I formed several connections with other younkers who possessed superior advantages; the *youngling* actors who were busy in the rehearsal of parts in which they were shortly to appear on the stage of life, where, alas, I was destined to drudge behind the scenes. It is not commonly at this green age, that our young gentry

have a just sense of the immense distance between them and their ragged play-fellows. It takes a few dashes into the world, to give the young great man that proper, decent, unnoticing disregard for the poor, insignificant, stupid, devils, the mechanics and peasantry around him, which were perhaps born in the same village. My young superiors never insulted the *clouterly* appearance of my plough-boy carcase, the two extremities of which were often exposed to all the inclemencies of all the seasons. They would give me stray volumes of books; among them, even then, I could pick up some observations, and one, whose heart I am sure not even the *Munny Begum* scenes have tainted, helped me to a little French. Parting with these my young friends and benefactors, as they occasionally went off for the East or West Indies, was often to me a very sore affliction, but I was soon called to more serious evils. My father's generous master died; the farm proved a ruinous bargain; and, to clench the misfortune, we fell into the hands of a factor, who sat for the picture I have drawn of one in my *Tale of the Twa Dogs*. My father was advanced in life when he married; I was the eldest of seven children, and he, worn out by early hardships, was unfit for labour. My father's spirit was soon irritated, but not easily broken. There was a freedom in his lease in two years more, and to weather these two years we retrenched our expences. We lived very poorly; I was a dextrous ploughman for my age, and the next eldest to me was a brother (Gilbert), who could drive the plough very well, and help me to thrash the corn. A novel writer might perhaps have viewed these scenes with some satisfaction, but so did not I; my indignation yet boils at the recollection of the scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears.

"This kind of life, the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave, brought me to my sixteenth year; a little before which period I first

committed the sin of rhyme. You know our country custom of coupling a man and woman together as partners in the labours of harvest. In my fifteenth autumn, my partner was a bewitching creature, a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language, but you know the Scottish idiom; she was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass*. In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me in that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, gin-horse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell; you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, &c. but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed I did not know myself why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labour; why the tones of her voice made my heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious ratan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favourite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme. I was not so presumptuous as to imagine, that I could make verses like printed ones, composed by men who had Greek and Latin; but my girl sung a song which was said to be composed by a small country laird's son, on one of his father's maids, with whom he was in love; and I saw no reason why I might not rhyme as well as he; for, excepting that he could smear sheep, and cast peats, his father living in the moor lands, he had no more scholar-craft than myself.

"Thus with me began love and poetry; which at times have been my only, and, till within the last twelve months, have been my highest enjoyment.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET Theatre closed on Monday, the 15th, after a successful season, with considerable tokens of approbation.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

SEPT. 15. This theatre opened with SPEED THE PLOUGH and HARTFORD BRIDGE. These pieces are so well known to every body, that it is enough to state, that every favourite performer was received with the loudest tokens of applause.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

SEPT. 16. This Evening this theatre commenced its career with the TRAGEDY OF HAMLET. *Kemble*, (under whose management we understand the theatre now is) exerted himself with peculiar ability and animation. The scene where Hamlet, after killing *Polonius*, asks, *is it the king?* was admirably executed. This question was put with that anxiety of hope and doubt, whether he had attained the object of his revenge, that it was instantly felt by the audience.

The other characters were in general pretty well supported. Miss Biggs in *Ophelia* was particularly tender and interesting. Many of the melancholy pathetic terms were given with much delicacy and effect.

The favourite performers were received with the usual tokens of regard; in the exterior of the house, which was neat and cleanly, we perceived no striking alterations.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR AUGUST, 1800.

AN ADDRESS TO THE *INHABITANTS OF PONTYPOOL,* MONMOUTHSHIRE,

ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE IRON-WORKS IN THAT TOWN AND ITS VICINITY.

Delivered at the Theatre, Dec. 8, 1799.

BY THOMAS THOMAS.

EXPLANATION.

Pontypool described in an allegory of the sun's progress, &c. emphatically set forth in one line, "Iron thy base, thy superstructure gold." The genius of Britain prophesies, and promises to send her son to instruct them in the arts—The coming of Hanbury—Description of the rolling of Bar Iron, Black Plate—Making of Tin Plate, Iron Wire, and Japan Ware—the first produce of the Arts in Great Britain at this place.

OFT-TIMES when Sol, on some resplendent morn,
With golden beams our horizon t'adorn,
Unveils his face, then hastes his azure way,
And leaves of fairer hours a bright display;

But ere the god his joyous course completes,
Each jarring element his view defeats,
Clouds interfere, and darkness wide doth chase
The cheery vision from kind nature's face.
All hope now past! But ere he lays his head
In Thetis' lap, or seeks his western bed,
Behold him dart a strong refulgent ray,
A bright forerunner of a brighter day!
Thus so with *thee*, fam'd Pontypool of old,
IRON thy base, thy superstructure GOLD.
Scarce had the genius of our happy isle
Wing'd freedom here, when she began to smile
O'er Trevthin's * chequer'd scene she deign'd to look,
Peep'd in each hill, survey'd each winding brook;
The blooming copse, and tall majestic oak,
She ey'd with joy, and thus prophetic spoke:
"*Here* in those wilds, in *this* obscure retreat,
Of arts renown'd I'll fix the lasting seat.
Inspir'd by me thy hardy sons shall pour
From those long pregnant hills the pond'rous ore;
While sooty bands from tents of turf shall aid †
(With jetty charcoal) the important trade:
This rolling stream, or that small murm'ring rill,
Shall motion give to thund'ring forge or mill;
While through yon vale shall dusky columns rise,
That fill the air, and dim the lucid skies!
To form the whole, and bring each part to view,
I'll send my son, a Worcester scion true ‡.
Him kindly treat, adopt him for your own,
He'll lead your sons to deeds of high renown;
His noble soul your native worth shall feel,
And should *he* wound, he'll only wound to heal ‖.

* The name of the parish in which the town stands.

† The colliers, and often their families, during the summer season, live in the woods, in huts, or tents made of turf and the branches of trees.

‡ Ancient seat of the Hanbury family in Worcestershire.

‖ The independence of the Welsh yeomanry wounded at the first introduction of strangers, until they find their true interest in the advance of their property through the progress of trade.

Your choicest gems you then will soon behold,
He'll take your rubbish in exchange for gold.
Your name emblazon in the book of fame—"
Then bow'd the maid, when lo! a HANBURY came.
Soon infant ART through every vale ascends,
And rustic ignorance to science bends;
Each son of genius to your fathers dear,
Fled to your spot, and found a patron here;
While every artist a new treasure brings,
Till from the lonely waste the hamlet springs *.
Industry now remotest corners fill,
And house o'er house ascends each craggy hill †;
Now belching pyramids their smoke disgorge ‡,
And Cyclops iron-nerv'd assail the forge.
Impell'd by him, your fathers from afar ‖
First brought the art to bend the stubborn bar;
'Tween massive rolls its serpent form to glide §,
Till plates elastic shew their purple side.
In heated pots the Cambrian silver glows ¶,
And quick o'er satin sheets it smoothly flows **,

* Pontypool at first consisted of only a few houses inhabited by people belonging to the works, not having been made a market town for many years after their being first established.

† The first houses in town were built near the river, and the others in succession up the sides of the hill.

‡ Iron furnaces, whose stacks are built in the form of pyramids, about three-fourths finished.

‖ The early improvements in the iron trade were first brought to this country from Germany by the ancestors of Mr. Tho. Cook, an iron-master in this county, a native of Pontypool.

§ From the extreme pressure of the rolls, the plates appear in a serpentine figure; and when cold, have a purple hue. They are called, notwithstanding, by the name of black plate, are exceeding strong and malleable; and the first and best ever made in Great Britain were produced at those works.

¶ Tin plate first made in Great Britain at Pontypool works. The remains of the first tin mills are now to be seen.

** On plates of iron as thin and smooth as satin.

When to th' astonish'd isle they soon present
What none but they or angels could invent.
With wond'rous skill, and art the most refin'd,
They made the sturdy rod instinctive wind;
From side to side its tedious path they trace,
Till ringlets fine as hair the block-house grace *;
And far as Britain has her flag unfurl'd,
Those gay Herculean tresses deck'd the world.
Though last, yet noblest, utmost stretch of art,
They made the dross from scaly iron part;
The yielding sheets assume an endless form †,
And figures gay the polish'd black adorn ‡:
The swelling urn its lovely blue displays,
And beauteous tortoise-shells are view'd on trays ‖.
O'er brilliant lines your pencils oft were wont
To glide, from narrow crimson to Stormont §.
Your wreaths to pluck, a host of daubers try
With gaudy glare to catch th' unskilful eye ¶;
But worth superior yet belongs to you;
'Tis *yours* to LEAD, 'tis *theirs* to pursue **.

* The name of the room where the wire is finished, from its being by machinery wound round blocks of wood of a circular form.

† The articles for japanning were made here from the raw ore, down to the minutest toy in the trade.

‡ Black is the ground colour of all japan ware, in whatever colour they may be finished.

‖ Spots in imitation of tortoise-shells, the first kind ever made, and still the unrivalled master-work of the Pontypool factory.

§ Narrow crimson, the first stripe ever made so called, and Stormont the most modern.

¶ A spurious sort manufactured in England slightly, and mostly for exportation.

** Pontypool, as the original manufactory, still keeps the lead in fashion, and satirically called by the trade, "the Cabbage Leaf," and its imitators or followers, "the Butterflies."

These then your fathers boast, your country's pride,
To fairer climes and richer soils denied.
Were gems like these once own'd by you alone?
Where their effects? Ah! whither are they gone?
Where the arch'd dome, or wide extended street,
Of structures fair your wand'ring eyes to greet?
Near its first form, alas! it still remains,
Completely fetter'd down by feudal chains*.
Now o'er this part a friend to science—here!
With you would drop the sympathetic tear.
But softly, sirs; behold the clouds dispel,
Success still waits the spot whereon you dwell;
Cherish fresh hope, abandon every fear,
For you have still a son of HANBURY here.
A mass of treasure yet your country fills,
Deeply embosom'd in yon cloud-wrapp'd hills;
Until your country's genius calls it forth,
And stamps your land the PERU of the north.
What, though yon stream produce no golden sand,
Nor pearl-deck'd oysters fill its rugged strand;
TORVAEN's pale flood, to you more truly kind †,
Takes off the dross and leaves you ore behind.
When ruthless war from carnage fell shall cease,
And we, once more, may taste long-wish'd for peace;
The lovely blue-ey'd, bright, benignant maid,
With willing steps will all our efforts aid.
And yon still lakes who now reluctant float ‡,
O'er their smooth face the solitary boat,

* The custom of the manor very unfavourable for building and improvement.

† Or Tormaen, from its rugged or stony bed, the true British name for the river, now called Avon Llwyd, or Gray River, from the colour of the water, effected by the subsequent custom of washing down from the hills the different strata of grey marl, or soft stone, found at certain distances, intermixed with the coal and iron ore. This effect ceasing on Sundays, through damming the water up for the coming week's work, was thought miraculous by strangers, and humorously related by the late Capel Hanbury, Esq.

‡ The two lines of the Monmouthshire canal, one of which,

By dusky squadrons then their waves impell'd—
See o'er their prison banks exulting swell'd!
Lo! yielding NEPTUNE all his fleet outrigs,
And pilots down himself a load of pigs *;
Then every warlike breast for trade shall burn,
And MARS himself an IRON-MASTER turn!

TO A FRIEND.

On receiving from him a present of Two entertaining and instructive Volumes.

FROM William's hand receiv'd, this various page
Shall mingled motives to my mind impart;
I'll prize it long, as friendship's sacred pledge,
And deep engrave its morals on my heart.

called the Pontypool line, is filled by the Avon Llywd, a mile above Pontypool, and the other, called the Crumlin line, filled by the river Ebw, about two miles and a half above Abercaine iron works; those lines form a junction at about ten miles from their source, and about one mile from Newport, where it ends. They are about five miles asunder at their beginning, and might easily be made to communicate through a vale or glyn, which is esteemed a natural curiosity, being open at both ends, and having a brook of excellent water emptying itself out of it at each, into the respective rivers, which terminate its length.

Newport is a pleasant and improving town, on the river Usk, about four miles from the Bristol channel, from whence vessels of 600 tons may come up to the town at any state of tide. It has lately received the addition of an elegant stone bridge of an hundred yards long, and consisting of five arches. It was built by the son of the ingenious Mr. William Edwards, who erected the celebrated arch over the river Taffe, in Glamorganshire.

* The iron at the furnaces is run into bars of about three foot in length, and from seventy to one hundred pounds weight, and are called *pigs*.

But ah! fair friendship's nobler gifts are thine,
The gift of sympathy for human woe,
Of sacred charity, that spark divine!
With which in heaven angelic bosoms glow.

That genuine essence of the human soul,
Which emanating from the mind of God,
Displays in various forms its soft controul,
And still evinces whence at first it flow'd.

Ah! while 'tis mine thy virtues to revere,
Still be it mine to feel their cordial power,
To blunt adversity's thrice-pointed spear,
And gild the gloom of sad misfortune's hour.

Deny'd, alas! the power to make returns,
My grateful heart shall breathe an ardent prayer,
That woes like those for which it ceaseless mourns,
May ne'er with ruthless hand thy bosom tear!

No. 50, Wellclose Square,
August 25th.

ANNA MARIA.

NATIVE HARMONY.

WILD warbling birds, who haunt sequester'd shades!
At your melodious softly-soothing lays
Ferocious passion's vengeful aspect fades,
And gloomy care a tranquil smile displays.

Lull'd by these sounds, ambition here may pause,
(Whilst nature all around in peace appears);
And ask, why loves fell-man the cannon's noise?—
Terrific noise, that bathes the world in tears!

Serene amidst the woods and flowery sweets,
Peaceful you live, from tyranny secure;
Your sweet songs echo thro' the lone retreats,
And give to pious hermits rapture pure.

Ah! may no rustic youth's rude hand molest
The rapturous joy which animates the bower;
As sacred may he view the downy nest,
And leave the brood, anon in air to tower.

The lab'ring peasants, as to toil they stray,
The rose-lip'd maidens, with their milky pails,
And weary trav'llers, cheer'd by sounds so gay,
Join in the concert of the jocund vales.

Why seek Cecilia's vot'ries foreign climes,
For songsters tuneful, to enchant their ears?
And in the jingle of exotic rhymes,
And artful sounds, why melt their souls with tears?

Hath Philomela's plaintive notes no pow'r,
(Delightful chauntress of the verdant grove);
To charm, lone evening, in the rural bow'r,
The soul incline to harmony and love?

Shrilly and clear, the blackbird whistling, gay,
The robin's plaint, the woodlark's charming strain;
The linnet's tender and melodious lay,
Of polish'd breasts may sooth the smart of pain.

Ere Sol's refulgence misty hills adorn,
The cheerful lark's ethereous realms explore;
And with mellifluous notes salute the morn,
More wildly tuneful as they upwards soar.

Ah! who can listen to their songs of love,
And not his breast with joy enamour'd find?
Amidst the groves, ah! who can torpid rove,
Save pamper'd lordlings, dull, and unrefin'd?

When winter desolates the woods and plains,
And guns loud-thund'ring, shake th' unfoliag'd spray;
The feathery race, may game-pursuing swains
With pity spare, and onward bend their way!

Then will the quire, with energy divine,
Greet the return of spring, the flow'ret's birth;
Soothe the swains bosom, who in secret pine
For fair ones lovely, of superior worth.

Sing on, ye warblers, pour your dulcet strains
From ev'ry flow'ry bush and leafy spray!
The lyre of science touch'd with skill and pains,
Could ne'er such sounds of melody convey.

Ye minstrels sweet, ne'er wander from my grove,
Around my woodbine cot delight to throng;
To charm the sylvan shade, the spot I love,
Swell with your mingled notes the choral song!

June 7th, 1800. ELIZA.

THE GAMESTER.

AH! what is he, whose haggard eye
Scarce dares to meet the morning ray?
Who, trembling, would, but cannot fly
From man, and from the busy day!
Mark how his lip is sever'd o'er,
Behold his cheek, how deathly it appears!
See! how his blood-shot eye-balls pour
A burning torrent of unpitied tears!

Now watch the varying gesture, wild,
See how his tortur'd bosom heaves!
Behold, misfortune's wayward child,
For whom no kindred nature grieves.
Despis'd, suspected, ruin'd, lost!
His fortune, health, and reputation flown;
On mis'ry's stormy ocean tost,
Condemn'd to curse his fate; and curse alone!

Once, were his prospects bright and gay,
And independence blest his hours:
His was the smooth and sunny way,
Where tip-toe pleasure scatter'd flow'rs.
Love bound his brow with thornless sweets,
And smiling friendship fill'd his cup of joy;
Now, not a friend the victim meets,
For, like a wolf, he wanders to destroy.

All day, upon a couch of thorn,
His weary, fev'rish limbs recline;
All night, distracted and forlorn,
He hovers round the fateful shrine!

Eager to seize, with grasping hands,
The slender pittance of the easy fool;
He links himself with caitiff bands,
And learns the lesson of the gamester's school!

One hour, elate with ill-got gold,
And dazzled by the shining ore,
In plenitude of joys, behold
The prodigal display his store!
The next, in poverty and fear,
He hides him, trembling at approaching fate,
While greedy creditors appear,
And with remorseless rage lurk round his gate.

Then comes the horror-breeding hour!
While recreant suicide attends;
And madness, with impetuous pow'r,
The scene of desolation ends!
Upon his grave no parent mourns;
No widow'd love laments with graceful woe;
No dawn of joy for him returns—
For heav'n denies that peace his frenzy left below!

LAURA MARIA

PROLOGUE.

Delivered at a Young Gentleman's Academy; previous to Public Readings at Whitsuntide last.

ONCE more we venture here, to prove our worth,
And ask indulgence kind, to tempt us forth:
Seek not perfection from our essays green,
That, in man's noblest works, has never been,
Nor is, nor e'er will be; a work exempt
From fault, to form, as well might man attempt
T' explore the vast infinity of space,
Or fix mechanic boundaries to grace!

Hard is the finish'd speaker's task; what then
Must be our danger to pursue the pen

Of the rapt bard, through all his varied turns,
Where joy extatic smiles, or sorrow mourns?
Where Richard's soul, red in the murtherous lave,
Shrinks from the night-yearn'd tenants of the grave,
While coward conscience still affrights his eye,
Still groans the dagger'd sound, "despair and die."
And hapless Juliet's unextinguish'd flame,
Gives to the tomb she mock'd, her beauteous frame;
Yet different far, where Claudio sees return'd
To life, and love, the maid too rashly spurn'd;
Or Falstaff, in his sympathetic scrole,
Forth to the Wives of Windsor, pours his soul.

Again, forsaking mirth's fantastic rites,
The muse to follow, through her nobler flights,
Where Milton paints angelic hosts in arms,
And Heaven's wide campaign rings with dire alarms,
Till 'vengeful justice wings its dreadful way,
And hurls the apostate from the face of day.
With Thomson now, o'er sylvan scenes we stray,
Or seek the lone church yard, with pensive Gray:
Or Pope's refin'd, or Dryden's lofty strains,
Dwell, while their fire the lightest heart enchains.
Through these, and all our bards to whom belong
The pow'rs transcendant of immortal song,
How difficult to steer! t' avoid the cant
Of polish'd phrase, and nerve-alarming rant:
Each period with true elegance to round,
And give the poet's meaning, in the sound.

But, wherefore should the muse employ her verse,
The peril of our labours to rehearse?
Oft has your kind, your generous applause,
Ere now, convinc'd us, you approve our cause:
Conscious it will again our task attend,
The critic stern, we ask not to commend;
Who like inclement winter's hostile frown,
Would beat th' infantine shrubs of genius down!

By your kind sanction, spur'd to nobler aims,
Our country next, our heart-felt tribute claims:

When o'er fair Albion dark rebellion lours,
Oh! be that indignation ever ours,
Which from the public mind spontaneous burst
On that demoniac wretch *, whose arm accurst
Essay'd to rob us of our prince and friend,
And all the land with dire convulsions rend;
But heav'n still stretch'd forth its almighty arm,
Dispell'd each cloud, and silenc'd each alarm:
His kind protection 'gainst each latent foe,
Still may the pow'r omnipotent bestow,
Which first Britannia's sov'reign flag unfurl'd
So high, it waves a beacon to the world!

Barnard's Inn. T. G.

THE WOODBINE.

A SONNET.

BEHOLD that woodbine! how its tendrils twine
Round the rank nettle, and the scentless thorn,
See, how alike the heaven-directed pine,
It waves its beauties to salute the morn!

And see, how, careless of its native sweets,
With balmy kiss it woos the vulgar weed,
And with its tassl'd forehead friendly greets,
Breathing its odours to th' unconcious reed!

So genius, to nor clime, nor state confin'd,
Oft rears its head amid penurious gloom,
And wastes its beauties on the vulgar mind,
Uncultur'd blossom, and untasted bloom;

And like the sun, with temper'd ray divine,
On barren sands, and trackless deserts shine!

Wolverhampton. CIVIS.

* Alluding to the attempt made by Hadfield on the King's life at that time.

Literary Review.

A Walk through some of the Western Counties of England, by the Rev. Richard Warner, of Bath. Robinson. 7s.

THIS pleasing and flowery Tourist has already delighted us by his TWO *Walks into Wales*, whence we selected many extracts to enrich the pages of our miscellany. The same justness of sentiment, elegance of language, and richness of description, which characterized those volumes, are discernible in the work before us.

In *seventeen* days this indefatigable pedestrian travelled *three hundred and eighty-six miles*, chiefly along the coast of Somersetshire and Devonshire bordering on the Bristol channel. That our readers may be apprized of the value of this publication, we shall furnish them with portions for their entertainment.

The subsequent character diverted us, and is full of instruction:

" I intended to have closed my letter, but a character has just presented itself to our observation, which exhibits such a complete specimen of independence in spirit, and energy in action, that I cannot resist giving you a slight sketch of it. It is, I must confess, a piece of *humble* biography, but it will not be the less interesting to you on that account. Materials for moral instruction are to be found as well in the cottage as in the palace; and although the peasant's life cannot, like the hero's, display those brilliant but pernicious exploits which dazzle and astonish mankind, yet it may, and often does,

exhibit such examples of patient suffering and industrious exertion, as would have a *better* effect, if held up to public observation, on the *moral character* of a nation, than all the pompously-written lives of the destructive conqueror or the refined politician.

"Whilst S—— and myself were chatting over our tea, we heard a horse and cart at the door of our caravansery; and immediately afterwards the sounds of a female voice, neither very gentle nor very melodious, calling to the ostler, roused our attention. On going to the door, we discovered a "thing of shreds and tatters," intended for a *cart*, and drawn by a small poney, not much larger than a stout Newfoundland dog. In the centre of this machine sat a female figure, brawny, but short, who seemed to have weathered nearly sixty winters. She was recounting to a man who stood by the labours of her little mare, which had dragged her loaded car twelve miles to market in the morning, and brought it safely the same distance through the moor in the evening, when she herself could not discern the road. As there appeared to be no reserve on the part of the lady, S— asked her some questions relative to her history, situation, and manner of life, to which she readily gave answers to the following effect:

"That she was a native of Huntspill, in the northern part of Somersetshire, where she had always resided, but being the fruit of an illicit commerce, had come into the world under rather unfortunate circumstances. Born in the poor-house there, she continued for some time the property of no particular person, but a sort of fixture or heir-loom, that descended from one master to another, without enquiry or regard. The education of a village workhouse, you know, is not very liberal or extensive; you will not be surprised, therefore, that Johanna Martin (for that is her name) left it for service at the age of twelve, with a mind as uncultivated as her body was scantily clothed—the former a perfect blank, the latter with a wardrobe consisting of one ragged gown. The term of her servitude being expired, Johanna married a labourer, and settled in life. Unluckily (as she expressed herself) *she took terribly to breeding*, and in the course of seven years presented her husband with as many children. Two of them, however, died in their infancy; but while she was big with an eighth, it pleased Providence to take her husband from her. Shortly after his death she became once more

a mother, and found herself a widow with six infants, and not a shilling in the world to feed them with. In this dilemma Johanna applied for relief to the officers of the parish, but "they relieved no out-paupers, though they had no objection to receive the children into the poor-house." Johanna had herself experienced the *comforts* of this mansion, and was not prejudiced enough in its favour to trust her offspring there; she therefore declined the offer, and determined to depend upon nothing but Providence and her own activity for the support of her numerous family. But no common exertion was sufficient for this. "For many a long month, gentlemen," said she, "have I risen daily at two o'clock in the morning, done what was needful for the children, gone eight and ten miles on foot to a market with a large basket of pottery-ware on my head, sold it, and returned again with the profits before noon." By this more than horse-like labour, Johanna, in the course of a twelvemonth, amassed the sum of one guinea and a half; when, being under the necessity of quitting her cottage, she resolved to build an house for herself. But though a *famous architect*, and a very good *workman*, the undertaking was too great for her individual labour; she therefore hired a man of the place to assist in the building, and to work they went.

"You will hardly suppose that Johanna's riches were so great as to form an object of plunder; but nothing is beneath the notice of petty villany; the one pound eleven shillings and sixpence were yet untouched, being reserved to defray the expences of building. Her treacherous coadjutor had marked the spot in which the treasure, carefully wrapped up in a rag, had been deposited; and one fatal morning, when the unsuspecting Johanna was gone to a distant market, the villain seized the little deposit and decamped, taking with him at the same time a few planks which had been provided for the intended building.

"Can you conceive a disappointment more severe than that which the poor widow must have experienced on returning to her plundered dwelling? or picture to yourself a situation more likely to have produced the gloom and listnessness of despair? But our heroine's mind was above the reach of fortune, and superior to the attacks of casualty. "To be sure," said she, "I did curse the ras-

cal that robbed me a little; but knowing that fretting would not bring the money back again, I wou'dn't waste tears about the matter. Besides, I had not leisure to grieve; the children wanted bread, and I was the only person to provide for them. I determined, therefore, to work harder than ever for some time, and to let the cottage alone till I had gotten a little before-hand, and then to finish it *myself*, that I might not be robbed a second time. To be sure, the children and I were obliged to sleep for several weeks in the shell of the tenement, with no other covering (for it was not roofed) than a dew-board*; but 'twas summer-time, and for the matter of that, we were warm enough, for *all six slept in one bed.*

"Well, gentlemen," continued she, "with the assistance of a good God I was able at last to finish my cottage, which (though I say it myself) is a very tight little place; and after some time, having saved another trifle, I bought the old cart I am now in, and the little poney you see, with which (though I only gave half a guinea for her) I would not part for the best fifty shillings that ever were told. I wanted them bad enough, for what with *smartish work*, and not very good living, I began to find my legs give out, and that I could not walk thirty miles a-day now so well as I walked them twenty years ago. With these, however, I am able to carry pottery to the different market-towns round about, and drive a pretty briskish trade. To be sure I be'nt very rich, but what I have is all of my own getting. I never begged a half-penny of any soul; I brought up my children without the help of the overseers; I can now live without being obliged to them; I maintain myself, and don't care a farthing for the *Pope* or *Keeser* (Cæsar.)" Saying this, Dame Johanna Martin smacked her whip and drove off, leaving us in admiration of a character equally rare and exemplary—a mind unconquerable by disaster; a spirit which preferred contending with difficulties almost unparalleled, rather than to submit to the shackles of dependence.

"What might not have been expected from a character like this, had its advantages been greater, and its sphere of action more enlarged? Birth and education might have raised Johanna to an equality with the far-famed Semiramis of the

* A few temporary planks thrown across the cottage, from wall to wall, to defend them from the *dews of night*.

ancient world, or the celebrated Catherine of modern times. She might have headed armies, and addressed senates; have scattered smiling plenty over distant nations, and given equal laws to an hemisphere. But on the other hand, powerful talents like hers might also have been perverted. She might have ruled the kingdoms with a rod of iron; have let loose the dogs of war o'er half the globe; have raised her glory on the destruction of her subjects, and cemented the fabric of her power with blood and injustice. Providence therefore, in its wisdom, allotted to Johanna a "destiny obscure;" but bade her, even in this ignoble station, not to be without her use; exemplifying in her little history the certain happy consequences of a pious trust in and dependence upon the goodness of God, seconded by invincible perseverance, and the diligent exertion of those faculties which it has pleased our Creator to bestow upon us."

The following beautiful description is worthy of particular notice:

"A long descent introduced me into the little sea-port town of Porlock, situated about six miles to the westward of Minehead, shut out from the surrounding country by lofty hills, but open towards the sea, on which it safely looks, from the bottom of a recess or bay, about one league from one extremity to another. Of these points, the eastern one rises with prodigious magnificence from the ocean, whose maddened waves have torn its front into misshapen crags, and scooped its sides into stupendous caverns; the western extremity is of a softer character, and slopes gradually to the shore, sheltering, from the south-westerly storms, the quay and a small pier (one mile and a half from Porlock), where the little commerce of the place is transacted, and its fleet, consisting of two sloops, which trade to Bristol and Wales) is freighted and unladen. An odd effect is produced by the very unusual stile of architecture, in which the houses are, for the most part, built; for here, as in other small country places distant from the seat of arts, one model is generally followed in constructing the dwellings of their inhabitants. At Porlock they rise to the height of two stories, and are mostly thatched; but the *fashion* of that place has determined, that the *chimnies*, instead of preserving their usual retired situation, should be form-

ed in the front of the houses, and their backs project into the street.

"A shoemaker having offered to accompany me to some *remarkables* in the neighbourhood of Porlock, I accepted his services; and, under the direction of this guide, whom I found, like all the sons of St. Crispin, to be by no means deficient in information, set out to visit the hamlet of Culbone, and a singular edifice of Lord King's in its vicinity.

"The egress, from Porlock to the west, is by a most steep and fatiguing ascent, drawn out to the distance of at least two miles, and climbing to the summit of the lofty hills which overhang the town on this quarter. Here the swelling downs commence, which spread their huge waves, like a solid sea, quite through North-Devon, giving herbage to mutton, as delicious in flavour as the little mountaineers of Merioneth; and, what perhaps is to the poor of much greater consequence, affording an abundant supply of incomparable heath for fuel, and thus depriving poverty of one of its bitterest accompaniments —the pain of cold. Deep ravines intersect these downy elevations in various directions; and in their sequestered hollows small villages, or rather little groups of farm-houses, have their unenvied situation.

"After continuing five or six miles on these hills, with a noble view of the sea and the coast of Wales (which now began to fade away in distance) always before us, we turned our steps towards the coast, and descended a rapid steep to Culbone. On our way, about a mile from the hamlet, excessive thirst obliged me to enquire at an old stone cottage about which I saw some cows, for a draught of milk. A squalid female figure, opening the door, informed me there was no such thing at the *parsonage*, but that a farm-house, about a quarter of a mile further, would supply me with a bowl of this beverage. The cordwainer, seeing me surprised at the term parsonage-house being applied to this wretched hovel, told me, with that sort of smile which *superior information* sometimes assumes, that this was the *rectorial mansion*, where the incumbent of Culbone formerly resided; adding, he had no doubt, miserable as it now was, that when it had a parson for its tenant, there was no lack of all the good things which could be stowed away in it.

"The approach to Culbone church is by a small foot-path, narrow, rugged, and so declivitous, that it was with the utmost difficulty I kept my footing, though aided by a stout staff, with a pike at its extremity. A gloomy mantle of wood covers this steep, and nearly excludes the fair light of day, so that, like Æneas and his friend Achates, in their descent to Tartarus, Crispin and I pursued for some time a *darkling journey*, of considerable toil, and some little hazard. After a descent of about six hundred feet the path terminated, and introduced to our view Culbone church and church-yard, situated in as extraordinary a spot as man, in his whimsicality, ever fixed on for a place of worship.

"A small cove, of an oval form, opened upon us, the bottom of which is formed by a little verdant carpet of two or three acres. Around this hollow, the hills on every side, save on that which is next to the sea, tower up in a direction nearly perpendicular, to the sublime height of twelve or thirteen hundred feet, fretted with jutting rocks, and laden with venerable woods. *Here* the oak's solemn shade is relieved by the bright berry of the mountain-ash; and *there* the light stain of the airy birch is chastised by the gloom of the melancholy yew; whilst the feathering fir and luxuriant beach lend their contrasting foliage to give a wider variety to the enchanting scene. At the mouth of the cove the land suddenly falls to the shore, in an abrupt descent of four or five hundred feet, rough with enormous crags of rock, but enlivened with verdure and foliage quite to the beach.

"In the centre of the little recess, thus surrounded and defended from the intrusion of the stranger, stands the Lilliputian church of Culbone, a gothic structure, thirty-three feet in length and twelve feet in breadth, with a cemetery of proportionate dimensions stretching round it, appropriately ornamented with broken modest grave-stones, and the remains of an ancient stone-cross. Two cottages, planted just without the consecrated ground, are its only companions in this secluded dell.

"Sure never was a spot better calculated for the indulgence of the meditative faculty than Culbone church-yard. Every circumstance around leads the mind to thought, and soothes the bosom to tranquillity. The deep murmur of the ocean

tide rising from beneath, but softened in its lengthened course, falls gently on the ear, which lists with equal rapture to the broken mysterious whisper of the waving woods above. Here, whilst all without is wasteful war and raging horror, the thoughtful wanderer, as he treads the glen, will please himself with the conviction, that he has at least found one little spot, sacred to PEACE. Here, whilst he feels the "holy calm" of silent solitude, he will drop a tear, in chastened sorrow, over human vice and human folly; over the wickedness of the *few*, whose destructive ambition converts a world, so competent (through the beneficence of Providence) to render men comfortable and happy, into one wide scene of waste and misery —and over the folly of the *many*, who allow themselves to be made the instruments of such devastation and wretchedness. He will reflect, with sadness and astonishment, on the torrents of blood, that even now are flooding the Christian world; and in the pure spirit of generous patriotism, will breathe an aspiration to heaven, in the beautifully figurative language of Solomon;—'Oh! that the winter were past; that the rain were over and gone! that the fig-tree would put forth her green figs; and the vines with the tender grape would give a good smell! that the flowers would appear on the earth; the time of the singing-birds come; and *the voice of the turtle be heard once more in our land.*'

> "*At nobis Pax alma, veni, spicamque tenelo,*
> *Perfluat et pomis candidus ante sinus.*"

"Difficult of access as Culbone church is, it has, notwithstanding, regular service performed in it by a gentleman from Porlock, who journeys thither on a small poney (for no carriage can approach it) by a narrow devious path of frightful declivity, which skirts in a zig-zag direction along the cliff that rises from the channel below. His congregations, indeed, are not very numerous, for the whole parish does not contain more than seven or eight houses, and about forty inhabitants. Of these, none reside near the church at present, owing, I presume, to the obvious inconvenience of the situation. Exclusive, indeed, of the difficulty in getting to and from Culbone church, those who choose to dwell near it must be content to give up a large

proportion of their annual sunshine; for owing to the prodigious elevation of the surrounding hills, the cheering radiance of the orb of day never descends to Culbone church-yard for nearly four months in the wintry season of the year.

"Quiet and sequestered as this romantic spot at present is, it has heretofore borne an honourable name in the annals of rustic revelry; its rocks have echoed to the shouts of multitudinous mirth, and its woods rung with the symphonious music of all the neighbouring village bands; in plain English, a revel or fair was wont to be held here in times of yore. I fortunately met with a garrulous old blacksmith, who had himself made a great figure on these festive occasions. He had been the *Entellus* of the place, and dwelt with great exultation on his many triumphs which the church-yard of Culbone had witnessed.——"About forty-five years agone, sir," said he, "I was at a noble revel in this spot; three hundred people at least were collected together, and rare fun, to be sure, was going forward. A little warmed with dancing, and somewhat flustered with ale, (for certainly Dame Matthews did sell stinging good stuff) I determined to have a touch at skittles, and sport away a sixpence or shilling, which I could do without much danger, as I had a golden half-guinea in my pocket. To play, therefore, I went; but the liquor getting into my head, I could not throw the bowl strait, and quickly lost the game, and two shillings and nine-pence to boot. Not liking to get rid of so much money in so foolish a manner, and not thinking the fault was in myself, (for too much ale, you know, sir, is apt to make one over-wise) I resolved to win back the two and nine-pence, and then leave off; and accordingly set to play a second time. The same ill-luck followed me, and in an hour and half I had not only lost the remainder of my money, but about sixteen shillings more out of a guinea which I borrowed of a friend. This terrible stroke quite sobered me; my wife was but just brought to-bed, and I could not help thinking what a wicked scoundrel I must be, to go and run into ruin, and to deprive her and the child of food, merely to indulge myself in a game, which, instead of being an amusement, had put me into a terrible passion, and made me curse and swear more than ever I did in my life. Desperately vexed at my folly, I went into the wood hard by, and sat down by the side of the water-fall to reflect on my situation. I could

plainly hear the singing and laughing of the revel, but it was now gall and wormwood to me; and I had almost resolved to escape from that, my own reproaches, and the distress of my wife, by throwing myself down the cliff upon the shore. Providence, however, was so good as to preserve me from this additional wickedness, and to put a thought into my head, which saved me from the consequences of despair. Cool and sober, for I had washed myself in the stream, and drank pretty largely of it, it struck me, that if I went back to the skittle-ground, and ventured the remaining five shillings, I should have a good chance of winning back my money from those who had beaten me before, as *I* was now *fresh*, and *they* all overcome with ale. Accordingly I returned to the church-yard, and took up the bowl, though pretty much jeered by the lads that had hitherto been winners. The case, however, was altered; I had now the advantage, could throw the bowl strait, took every time a good aim, and more than once knocked down *all nine*. To make short of my story, Sir, it was only night that put an end to my good-luck; and when I left off play, I found I had got back my own half-guinea, the guinea I had borrowed, and fifteen shillings in good silver, after paying my part of the charge for the day. You may suppose I was not a little happy at this change of fortune; in truth, Sir, I felt very grateful, and as soon as I had left my companions, fell down on my knees to thank GOD for saving me from ruin, and did not rise till I had made a solemn vow that I would never venture another sixpence in gambling again; a vow which I have for these five and forty years most religiously observed, and which I have found so much *pleasure* in keeping, that there is no chance I shall ever wish to break it." I listened to the old gentleman's story, fraught with the wisdom of experience, with due attention; thinking, at the same time, that if the more *exalted gamblers* would imitate the wisdom and the virtue of this honest blacksmith, *high-life*, as it is called, would exhibit much fewer scenes of wretchedness and vice than it at present displays."

One extract more and we have done;—it is a state of woe, and will affect every feeling heart:

"The courage of speculation and that necessary for actual exertion are very different in their kinds. A man may

easily be a hero in *design*, but to become one in reality is not an operation of such facility. Over-night I had determined to cross Dartmoor alone, but this morning, as the trial approximated, my resolution, like Acres's courage, gradually oozed away, and before breakfast was finished, I had dropped the idea, and determined to take a circuitous route by Oakhampton to the place I wished to reach. This resolve was in some measure induced by an account given by my landlord, whilst filling the tea-pot, of an accident which had happened on the part of Dartmoor I was about to cross, a few months ago. A peasant of the country, in pursuing some sheep which had wandered from their accustomed pasturage, discovered in the middle of the naked solitude that stretches from Lidford nearly twenty miles in a south-eastern direction, the body of a sailor, much emaciated, and in such a state as gave reason to think he had been lying on the spot five or six weeks. His countenance, however, was serene, and his posture composed; a small bundle of linen supported his head, and the remains of a faithful dog lay at his feet. Nobody could be found to tell who he was, or from whence he came; the parish therefore removed the body to Lidford, and gave it an humble grave in the church-yard there.

"This anecdote not only produced the immediate resolution of changing my route, but awakened every tender feeling of my heart. In truth it was a simple sorrowful tale, that forcibly interested the imagination.—Fancy readily filled up the outline which I had heard, with the most affecting touches. She pictured the unfortunate tar returning from a long and perilous voyage, big with the hope of once more embracing those connections whose beloved idea had lain in absence like a cordial at his bosom, and cheered his spirit amid the pain of toil and in the hour of danger; anticipating, perhaps, the transports of disinterested affection, when he should press his faithful girl within his arms; perhaps, the raptures of a fond father; perhaps, the proud exalted feelings of a grateful duteous son. In a moment she called down the pityless storm upon his head; awakened the terrors of the thunder; threw the lightnings over the waste; and painted him wandering amongst the rugged crags and gloomy hollows, benighted, ignorant, and alone.—She now presented him wan with toil

and hunger; exhausted by fatigue; hopeless with disappointment; stretched upon the cold rock,

" Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
" Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
" Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
" His wife, his children, and his friends unseen;"

but still, amid the raging of the elements, and the pains of dissolution, preserving " that high courage undismayed by mortal terrors," which characterises the British sailor; and meeting his inevitable destiny with tranquil composure.—Farewell, ill-fated Tar, and let a stranger's tear embalm thy memory! That gracious Being, who has so often covered thy head in the day of battle, and preserved thee amid the dangers of the sea, " when the stormy winds arose, and lifted up the waves thereof; that gracious Being, who numbereth the very hairs of our heads, and before whom even a sparrow doth not fall to the ground unnoticed, will not forget *thee*, the sheep of his pasture, the creature of his hand; but when time shall have brought to pass the accomplishment of the ages, and death be swallowed up in victory, will call thee from " thy narrow-dwelling" to those kind skies and halcyon regions which no tempests can obscure; no discord can approach; from which moral deformity and natural evil are alike for ever banished; where righteousness, peace, and truth meet together,

" And one unbounded spring encircles all!"

Having given specimens of the work, we recommend its perusal to our readers; assuring them, that their time and attention will be well repaid. It appears that Mr. Warner has made only a partial excursion into the west of England, at a future period he may resume his perambulations. Our good wishes accompany him, and we hope soon to have it in our power to announce the fruits of his journey to the readers of our miscellany. Such rational and cheerful travellers cannot fail of imparting instruction and delight; indeed, they deserve well of society.

The Favourite Village. A Poem. By James Hurdis, D. D. Professor of Poetry, Oxford. Johnson.

THE Author of this poem is already known to the Public by his *Village Curate*; his *Adriano*, or his *First of June*; and *Tears of Regret* to the memory of a beloved sister. All these pieces have been well received, and contain passages particularly deserving of attention. We do not place Dr. Hurdis among the first rank of our poets—for we perceive that he stands much indebted to the works of others. His expressions and phrases are to be found in Milton, Thomson, and Young, whose productions he has studied no doubt with a commendable assiduity. The general character of our Author's poetry is ease and plesantness—he is evidently a man of taste, and several of his pictures of rural life are drawn with fidelity.

The present poem is divided into *four* books, with occasional references to the four seasons of the year. Their length is unequal; and it is certainly a defect that their lines are not numbered.

In the first book, the address to the *Village Church*, is appropriate and expressive.

Say, ancient edifice, thyself with years
Grown grey, how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf in constant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away?
How often has thy still surrounding sward
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And closed upon them all! Thy during fane,
How often has it shed the dew of grace
On the mute infant, and received him soon
A coffin'd elder, silver lock'd with age?
O tell me, reverend structure, what events
Of awful import on the tide of time
Have floated by thee, as the bubble vain?
What armies on that distant hill engaged,

To leave those scars of war upon its brow?
What blood was shed and why and where sleep now
The wrathful combatants of either host?
Saws't the hill its hungry entrails ope
To swallow the pale dead, which reason deems
Beneath the still sward slumber of yon mounts?
Princes and peoples (wouldst thou make report)
Armies and fleets, hast thou seen pass away
Transient as vapour, and in thy esteem
All things are yesterday and recent change.
Speak, thou sage preacher, and to make me wise,
Tell but that ancient secret, where sleeps now
He, who thy aisles designed, or they who built?
" Deep, deep in earth—nor shall thy life suffice
" The mingled generations to remove,
" Whose bones and ashes have envelop'd theirs.
" These my profound and monitory bell
" All to their still graves summon'd, as it calls
" Now to his narrow, everlasting couch,
" Yon village's departed! Ask no more!
" Ere long I toll for thee! Away—Prepare!"

The *Angry Bull*, is also described in an impressive manner:

———'Tis pleasure to approach,
And by the strong fence shielded, view secure
Thy terrors, Nature, in the savage bull!
Soon as he marks me, be the tyrant fierce,
To earth descends his head; hard breathe his lungs
Upon the dusty sod; a sulky leer
Gives double horror to the frowning curls
Which wrap his forehead; and ere long be heard,
From the deep cavern of his lordly throat
The growl insufferable. Not more dread,
And not more sullen the profoundest peal
Of the far-distant storm, which o'er the deep,
Clothed in the pall of midnight premature,
At evening hangs, and jars the solid earth
With its remote explosion. Tramples then
The surly brute impatient of disdain,
And spurns the soil with irritated hoof,

Himself inhaler of the dusty cloud,
Himself insulted by the pebbly show'r
Which his vain fury raises. Nothing fear'd,
Let him incensed from agitated lungs
Blow his shrill trump acute till echo ring,
And with a leer of malice steal away,
Assault and vengeance swearing ere be long!

Bathing in the Sea is thus pleasingly described:

——————Let me wind my way,
Tow'rd the still lip of ocean. Seated there,
Soon let me cast habiliment aside,
And to the cool wave give me. Transport sweet!
Pleasure thrice delicate! Oh, let me plunge
Deep in the lucid element my head,
And rising sportful on its surface play.
Oh joy to quit the fervid gleam of earth,
Leave a faint atmosphere, and soon recruit
Exhausted energy suspended thus
Upon the bosom of a cooler world!
Oh recreation exquisite to feel
The wholesome waters trickle from the head,
Oft as its saturated locks emerge!
To feel them lick the hand and lave the foot!
And when the playful and luxurious limb
Is satiated with pastime, and the man
Rises refreshed from the voluptuous flood,
How rich the pleasure to let zephyr chill
And steal the dew-drops from his panting sides!

From this delineation the Author proceeds to the agitations of the ocean, which he finely compares to a monster raving with insanity—

——————Lo! as we speak,
The wolfish monster kindles into rage!
Enormous mastiff, how he knaws his chain
And struggles to be free, fast bound by fate,
And never more to be let loose on man!
Aloud he bellows; with indignant paw
Dances upreared and menaces the foot
Of earth with trembling diffidence protruded.

Lo! the saliva of his deaf'ning tongue
Her pebbled instep stains! his rugged coat
Is whiten'd o'er with foam wasted amiss
In the vain effort of his hoarse assault.
Chain'd tyrant! spare thy fury, or unfeared
Growl the long night away. To-morrow's sun
Shall find thee gentler, and a second dawn
Shall quell thy raving fit and make thee calm,
Tame, and obsequious as the fondest cur
That cringing fawns and licks the foot of man.

The next closing scene exhibits the sea in a calm, and a fleet of merchant ships returning home richly laden from a distant country:

Not such thy phrensy, when the breeze at east,
Round yon tall promontories, yon vast chain
Of cliffs sublime that gird Britannia's breast,
Than which her stedfast rock-encircled waist
Owns none more lofty, to the Thames-bound fleet
Blows adverse. Safe beneath the muzzled mouths
Of yon twin parapets, whose weighty tubes
Menace the deep below, they moor secure,
And ride expectant of the prosperous gale.
Oft from yon hill superior let me see
The peaceful anchorage of this wide bay,
Thus by the wind-bound mariner possessed,
And chiefly when the natal hour of GEORGE
Revolves well welcome in the wheel of time,
What pleasure then to number, one by one,
Floating in honour of the regal day,
Their lifted ensigns! To behold more near,
On either parapet, its furnish'd staff
Superbly waving; on the western fort,
That from the cliffy precipice down looks,
And war-locks imminent the mouth of Ouse,
His standard flaming; while the port beneath
On every stern a silken meteor shews!
How marks exulting then th' impatient eye
Where blazes first the sulphur-breathing tubes,
Redundant cloud, forth sending unctuous smoke,
Ere long succeeded by explosion vast:

Earth-shaking gratitude, which bark to bark
Kindles in turn, till every deck is lost
In brief eclipse of its own thundering cloud!

Such are fair specimens of the poem before us; we have taken them from the first book, because it contains scenes peculiar to the coast of Sussex, whereas the other books embrace objects of every description.

From these extracts it is evident to the reader of taste, that the work possesses considerable merit, and may be read with pleasure and improvement. Though there be prosaic lines, yet they are intermixed with others of superior beauty. The publication issues from the Author's own press at Bishopstone, Sussex. It is a singular circumstance, that a country clergyman, who has written a few pieces of poetry, should think it worth his while to keep a press; but we must also remember, that he is professor of poetry at Oxford! We wish him success in his attempts to instruct and amuse the public; poetry is an innocent art, and in good hands may be made highly subservient to the welfare and happiness of society.

The Complete British Cook, being a Collection of the most valuable and useful Receipts for rendering the whole Art of Cookery plain and familiar to every Capacity. By Mary Holland, professed Cook. 1s. West and Hughes.

MRS. Holland has here laid before us an abundance of rich dainties; but we cannot say any thing from *experience* of the superior skill which she claims in the exercise of her profession. The very enumeration of such good things to us poor half-starved authors in our garrets produces unpleasant sensations. We will not, however, on that account, speak ill naturedly of the culinary science, which seems calculated to serve the community. To those unfortunate persons, among

whom it is a common saying—"God sends meat, but a certain *old gentleman* sends cooks," the work before us may prove of unspeakable utility.

Secret Anecdotes of the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor, September 4th, 1797; and new Memoirs of the Persons deported to Guiana, written by themselves, forming a Sequel to the Narrative of General Ramuel. Translated from the French. Wright. 4s.

OUR readers may recollect that we gave them a very interesting extract from Ramuel's Narrative of the sufferings of these unhappy men in South America. This sequel enters still farther into the account of this infamous affair, which forms a deep and dark spot on the French revolution. The letters here, which passed between the sufferers and their relatives, are highly affecting, and cannot be read without drawing tears from the eye of sympathy. Though the French be in a state of hostility with us, yet we are not, on that account, to divest ourselves of the common feelings of humanity.

The deportation or banishment of so many individuals into an American wilderness, was a species of villainous tyranny, of which we have not words enough to express our abhorrence. This procedure, likewise, took place under the fair name of liberty. Alas! how are the best things abused, and turned into the most outrageous licentiousness. Whatever charges were urged against these culprits, to a trial they were certainly entitled. But no; without trial of any kind they were torn from the embraces of their relatives and friends, and abandoned to every kind of misery.

We might indulge in extracts, but we refer to the pamphlet itself. To take the sketches out of the connection in which they stand, would be doing them an

injustice; they now form one pathetic picture, exhibiting the most hideous features of tyranny. From such cruelties may heaven defend the inhabitants of Britain! May the blessings of our constitution, pure and unimpaired, be conveyed down to the latest posterity! A well adjusted liberty is the most distinguished of earthly blessings. Without it we are slaves—and and with it we have the strongest incentive to every kind of improvement.

The Meteors. Two Volumes. 12s. Black.

THE title of these poetic effusions sounds strange in our ears. Is it meant that the pieces themselves are irradiated by the fire of genius, or, that glowing with a false splendour, they soon pass away into oblivion? One or other of these ideas must be understood. Leaning to the favourable side, we would say that these poems possess merit, and may (for ought we know to the contrary) descend to a future generation.

The misfortune is, that *rhymers* are for every rhyming, and this *eternal rhyming* they mistake for poetry. Alas! the press groans under rubbish of this kind; but, happily, there is no act of parliament which obliges the public to read it. The Reviewer, *ex officio*, wades through the mud, and oftentimes finds himself in a woeful condition; but, fortunately, even Reviewers are not obliged to meddle with such things, except they wish, from a principle of benevolence, to guard young writers against faults to which they are exposed from their inexperience and vanity. At best it is an unpleasant task, though the art of criticism judiciously exercised is of high and important use in the republic of letters.

Of these neat poems we are tempted to transcribe a few lines, which are distinguished by their ease and simplicity:

THE SYLPH.

"Not when in azure fields of air
The busy pinions play,
Do I entreat thee, list the prayer,
Which must my grief betray:

Not when up-borne 'mid solar beams,
Undazzled with the light,
To gloomy groves, hoarse murmuring streams,
Do I recall thy flight:

But when in Delia's charms you live,
When hours like minutes flee,
Remind the fair a heart to give
For that she stole from me!

Such light and airy stanzas pass so glibly off the tongue, and sound so musically in the ear, that they cannot fail of affording entertainment. There are other pieces in the work of a different nature and tendency; but we have no room for an ampler specimen. Sufficient has been said to shew that the publication is not to be ranked among those ordinary productions of the press, which, as soon as they are born, deserve to be forgotten—hard fate, but not fit objects for our sympathy and compassion!

Parodies on Gay; to which is added the Battle of the Busts, a Fable; attempted in the Style of Hudibras. Dutton.

THE inimitable fables of Gay are here parodied or imitated in a humorous style, and the author discovers considerable ingenuity. The Poem and the Parson—the Noble Plebeian—the Officer and his Poor Parent—the Sharper and the School Boy—the Council of Ploughmen—the Painter and the Country Girl—the Debtor and the Shopman, the Prentice and the Shoeblack, are the titles of the several pieces contained in

this work. The following parody appeared to be one of the best; it is naturally imagined and happily executed:

THE OFFICER AND HIS POOR PARENT.

How many saucy airs we meet,
From Temple Bar to Aldgate street;
Proud rogues!
They blush to hear a mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.

THE BARLEY MOW AND THE DUNG HILL.

As cross the park at early dawn
The happy monarch sought the lawn,
A shining multitude appears
Of brave and faithful volunteers;
A loyal zeal each bosom warms,
They greet their king—*presenting arms!*
His eye now rov'd along the line,
Beaming beneficence divine;
While tears the royal cheek bedew'd
Of heart impressing gratitude.
With joy he saw what thousands rose
To check their king's presumptuous foes;
In thought he saw their native land
Protected by the valiant band;
In fancy could with rapture trace
His country's friend in ev'ry face.
An ensign in the monarch's train,
Which past along the crowded plain,
Who made his dress his only care,
(For some, tho' *few*, I trust there are)
Observ'd his mother 'mongst the crew,
In 'kerchief check and apron blue;
He halloos to the men around,
Who (as accustom'd) kept the ground:
" See, see—for shame! why this neglect?
" Pray, gentlemen, shew more respect!
" Keep back the crowd, nor let them bring
" Such raggamuffins 'fore the king;

" Are we, who shine in gold and lace,
" To suffer insults and disgrace?
" Who is *that woman!* pray keep back,
" A truce to her eternal clack!
" Is she a fit spectator here,
" Where kings—and officers appear?
" Or to the washing tub restore her,
" Or else put somebody before her."
The mother his command receives;
That 'tis her son she scarce believes!
" Move me!" she cries, " audacious varlet!
" Because he struts in lace and scarlet;
" He will not own his poor relations!
" Send me away! O! give me patience!
" Altho' 'tis not to *me* he owes
" His feathers and his gaudy clothes;
" Let him reflect to whose assistance
" He owes the blessing of existence;
" Let him consider (and atone)
" To give *him* life I risk'd my own;
" Nor thus ungratefully forget
" A MOTHER's *everlasting* debt!"

The folly of literary vanity, and indeed the odiousness of pride in any characters, are justly satyrized and exposed in the Battle of the Busts, a poem of some length and humour. It reminded us, in some measure, of Swift's Battle of the Books, in St. James's Library, over which we have, more than once, laughed heartily. Such comic scenes were just suited to the Dean of St. Patrick, who, giving a loose to the reins of his strange fancy, would overleap the bounds of all decency. This was inexcusable in a clergyman, and, indeed, not to be admired in any writer who professes to wish well to the improvement of mankind.

The Victim, in Five Letters to Adolphus. Button. 2s. 6d.

THIS neatly written and elegantly printed little pamphlet, points out and exposes the evils of seduction and prostitution in a very pointed and expressive manner. We approve of the remarks, and wish the author every possible degree of success. He who labours in the cause of virtue labours in a good cause; for it involves no less an object than the individual and collective mass of human felicity. We have often regretted the prevalence of sensual indulgence among all classes of society. The faculties of men are, by this means, stupified, and the species are reduced to the lowest state of brutality.

Seduction is a crime of the most heinous nature, and will assuredly meet, either sooner or later, its merited punishment. In such a case women are greatly to be pitied; for, to use the words of our author—"On the part of the woman it is commonly, if not constantly, the result of affectionate attachment, induced to compliance by the most solemn oath of fidelity—of immediate regard to the institutes that shall make them indissolubly one; and this too at a moment when expressions of tenderness are mutually exchanged, when implicit confidence has banished the fears of suspicion, and when this sacrifice is ardently implored as the only unequivocal proof of reciprocal esteem:

> "Base is the tongue whose vile pernicious art,
> Delights the ear but to corrupt the heart;
> That takes advantage of the cheerful hour,
> When weaken'd virtue bends to nature's power,
> And would the goddess of the soul efface,
> To substitute dishonour in her place!"

These are excellent observations, and we do not hesitate to pronounce seduction, by whomsoever committed, a piece of most consummate villany.

Prostitution, the almosst necessary consequence of seduction, is arrived to such a height in our metropolis,

as to exceed credibility. Mr. Colquhoun, that indefatigable magistrate, states the number of prostitutes to be no less than *fifty thousand!*

For a correction of these crying evils we must look chiefly to the conduct of the men—for females are continually falling *victims* to their arts of deception. To close with the admirable advice of our author—"Let the *man* therefore act conformably to the station in which providence has placed him. Let him approach the sex which he is bound to honour and protect, in such a manner, as shall demonstrate to the world that chastity is lovely, and entitled to homage. Let him despise the blandishments of flattery, abandon the wiles of seduction; be open, manly, generous, and he will meet a grateful return. The women will applaud his frankness, esteem his virtue, respect his person, and delight in his happniess. The public will then no longer have to complain of feminine imprudence; our youths will be kept from the allurements of temptation, and the contagion of disease. Marriage, which is now too much neglected or despised, will become honourable in all, and degenerate as we are, the morals of mankind experience at least a considerable degree of melioration."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Man of Fashion—On the Sight of a Pheasant fluttering for Life—Hints to the Ladies—The Complaint—On the Death of Master Hovat—and the *Essay on the Passions*, with some alterations, shall be inserted. But *Early Love—Elegy on the drowned Ladies—On Predestination*, and the verses by *A. W.* are not suited to our MISCELLANY. Of the Essay by *T.* we know nothing, therefore cannot express either our approbation or disapprobation.

The ingenious Address of T. THOMAS, in the GARLAND for this month, deserves *much praise*, as it is the production of an individual, who had nothing more than a common education.

Holl sculp.t

Mrs. Siddons.

Published Novr 1st 1800. by H.D. Symonds, 20 Pater-noster Row.